DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 461 440 RC 020 607

TITLE	The Richard A. Bove Migrant Student Poets and Writers Festival, 1994-1996.
PUB DATE	1996-03-00
NOTE	144p.; Sponsored by the Richard A. Bove Memorial Fund for Migrant Children.
PUB TYPE	Creative Works (030)
LANGUAGE	English, Spanish
EDRS PRICE	MF01/PC06 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	Aspiration; Childrens Writing; Creative Writing; *Educational Experience; *Family Life; Fiction; Interpersonal Relationship; *Mexican Americans; *Migrant Children; *Migrant Youth; Personal Narratives; Poetry; Short Stories
IDENTIFIERS	*Writing Contests

ABSTRACT

These three booklets include the works of student winners of the Richard A. Bove Migrant Student Poets and Writers Festival for the years 1994, 1995, and 1996. Each booklet contains approximately 25 short stories, essays, and poems written by migrant students ages 8-11, 12-15, and 16-19. First, second, and third place winners for each age group were selected by a national group of judges who have expertise in migrant education, language, writing, and evaluation. Although works are mainly fictional, many students wrote about their educational experiences, family lives, personal relationships, experiences as migrants, and aspirations for a better way of life. Some entries are written in Spanish. (LP)

Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made
from the original document.

ED 461 440

The Richard A. Bove Migrant Student Poets and Writers Festival, 1994-1996

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
Office of Educational Research and Improvement
EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)
☐ This document has been reproduced as received from the person or organization originating it.
☐ Minor changes have been made to improve reproduction quality.
- Points of view or opinions stated in this document do not necessarily represent official OERI position or policy.

PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE AND DISSEMINATE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
B. Bove
TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)
1

RC 020 607

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

The Richard A. Bove

Migrant Student Poets and Writers Festival

1994

MIGRANT CHILDREN
WE ARE THE HARVEST

RC 020607

The Richard A. Bove Migrant Student Poets and Writers Festival is the first national activity sponsored by the Richard A. Bove Memorial Fund for Migrant Children.

The Memorial Fund was established in Richard's memory to celebrate his love of writing and his life long love and devotion to migrant children.

This publication is to honor and acknowledge the twenty-seven winners of the festival in all categories as selected by a national representation of judges with expertise in education, language, writing, evaluation, and migrant education programs.

Each winning entry has been printed in its original form.

The Richard A. Bove Memorial Fund Committee would like to extend our sincere thanks and appreciation to all the students who submitted entries and their teachers and families who so capably assisted them.

It is the intention of these activities to reward and encourage the students' creativity, give them a source for expression and assist them in developing the skills needed to share their valuable thoughts and ideas in writing.

I would like to extend my personal thanks to all the judges and to the members of the Memorial Fund Committee and friends who volunteered a significant amount of their time to bring together this activity for migrant students.

With Love,

Beverly A. Norton Bove
President

Short Stories

Winning short stories written by 8 to 11 year old students

The Slick Rabbit and the Coyote
Maria Aguillon

The Little Dragon
Leroy Otis

In a Deep Dark Cave
Rebecca Sanchez

Winning short stories written by 12 to 15 year old students

The Search
Nick Gonzalez

Love Conquers All
Katya Bergovoy

Havana Gold
Irvin Yerby

Winning short stories written by 16 to 19 year old students

What Is A Migrant?
Sandra E. Trevino

The Cry
Yadira Vasquez

Tam and Cam
Tuan Nguyen

First Place

The Slick Rabbit and the Coyote
by
Maria Aguillon
Fifth Grade
Leland Middle School
Leland, North Carolina

Once upon a time there was a rabbit that loved to eat the farmers' beans. He had three entrance holes in the fence. So the farmer made three silk-monkey dolls and placed one to each hole. The next day when Mr. Rabbit came by, he said to the doll "My little friend, please get out of my way" But the doll did not move. The second and third doll did not move either.

Mr. Rabbit became very angry and said "If you don't move out of my way, I will hit you with my right hand." So he hit the doll and his right hand stuck to it. So he savagely hit with his left hand - kicked with both feet - butt with his head - and every part that made contact was stuck to the doll. He could not move.

Then came the farmer, tied him up, left him there, and said "I am going to bring my twelve dogs to eat you up."

After the farmer left there came a hungry coyote strolling along and when he saw Mr. Rabbit, he stopped out of curiousity. So Mr. Rabbit said "Hello Mr. Coyote. My friend jokingly left me like this because they went to get me twelve chickens, but since I don't like chickens, you could change places with me and you enjoy a good meal with the twelve chickens."

So, Mr. Coyote accepted the deal, untied Mr. Rabbit, and Mr. Rabbit tied Mr. Coyote and hopped off singing his loony-moony rabbit tune

And so ended the story of the slick rabbit, the farmer and the greedy coyote.

Second Place

The Little Dragon

by

Leroy Otis

P.O. Box 238
Mars Hill, Maine 04758

Once upon a time in Dragonston, Matt was having a terrible time with his height. He was nine years old and only sixty feet tall. He was the shortest dragon in his class.

One day Matt decided to run away. He left a note for his mom. The note said he was moving to a new town where everybody was short. His letter was covered with teardrops.

Two thousand miles away in Littlestown, Matt stopped because he thought the name of the town fit him. The town was having a terrible drought, until Matt came.

Matt was too big to fit in the town, so he had to sleep outside Littlestown. He ate cactus. The townspeople like him because when he cried he filled up every well in town.

After a while Matt was very annoying, and the townspeople tried to get rid of him. He wouldn't go. The townspeople got really mad and started to open fire on him. He roared so hard that he lit the town on fire.

While Matt was sleeping the townspeople stuck Matt's tail in the fire. Matt felt something hot and awoke. He looked back and saw his tail on fire. He ran home.

When he got home his mother beat him so hard that his color turned from green to maroon and his neck stretched one hundred feet. In two years Matt became the biggest dragon. He turned back to green and lived happily ever after.

Third Place

In a Deep Dark Cave
by
Rebecca Sanchez
4th Grade
P.O. Box 305
Indiantown, FL 34956

One day when my friend and I were riding bikes. We saw this path so we followed it. I heard a voice saying, "Help me! Help me!" My friend didn't hear the voice. I stopped to listen to the voice. I called to my friend, "Stop. Stop. " but my friend must not have heard me because she did not stop.

My friend probably thought I was still behind her, but I wasn't. I dropped my bike beside the cave. I went inside the cave. It was dark and scary. I saw some bats sleeping upside down.

When my friend looked back for me, I wasn't there. She went back and saw my bike laying by the cave.

She thought something had happened to me so she got on her bike and went to the police station as fast as she could pedal. She told the police that we had been riding and I was supposed to be behind her; but when she turned around I was not there.

My bike was outside the cave and she was afraid that something had happened to me. The police went to the cave and saw my bike. They picked it up and took it to my mom's house. They asked my mom if the bike belonged to her daughter and my mom said yes. The police asked my mom if the bike had been stolen.

When my mom said that I had been on the bike, the police began to wonder if I had gone in the cave or had I been kidnapped!! All this time I was in the cave going deeper and deeper.

The deeper I got in the cave, the louder the voice was. I had a flashlight in my pocket so I turned it on. I saw a beautiful parrot!! I told him that I had thought he was a human calling for help. Then I saw the reason for the parrot calling for help.

There was a rock on the parrot's wing. He couldn't fly with the rock on his wing. I took the rock off of the wing and the parrot told me thank-you. He was so glad to be able to move again. I saved the parrot. He would have died if I had not removed the rock.

I picked up the parrot and carried it out of the cave. By this time the police were ready to come into the cave to see if I was there. My mom, dad and my friend were standing outside. When they saw me, they came up and hugged me. When my mom hugged me, she felt something move under my jacket. It was the parrot.

My mom and dad were glad I had saved the parrot. The police asked me if I was alright. Of course, I was. We all went to my house. I asked the parrot if his wing was hurting him and he said that it was not. The police asked the parrot if he had an owner and when he said no, the police asked me if I would like to keep the parrot. I was so excited. I said YES!!!

First Place

The Search

by

Nick Gonzalez

Alamo Middle School
804 E. Hwy. 83 P.O. Drawer Y
Pharr., TX 78577

During the time of dragons, fairies, and magic, there was an elf tribe that lived deep in the heart of a forest called Blackwood. They ere a simple people that plowed and tended their fields from dawn to dusk. At night, around the camp fires, they would sing and tell stories about their warrior ancestors to their children. They would have almost looked human if it had not been for their height and pointy ears that popped out of the side of their heads like two minature antennas trying to catch the reception on a T.V. set. They were very happy people and treated everyone like family. If it had not been for the evil dragon Ragvok who had fed on their fear for the past era, the elves would have been known for their carefree ways. On the second year that Ragvok had been feeding on the elves fears. the elves decided they could not take any more and asked the wiseman how they could vanquish the dragon from their tribe. The wiseman was the oldest in the tribe for he was 300 years old. he wore a cloak of brown and sported a long beard as white as the fleece of a new born lamb. The wise man said that they needed a weapon called courage. He said it would come from some place they never thought they would find it. The tribe brought forth a small grunt of an elf who thought that he himself would never be capable of finding it. Although he did not give up for two years, he did not find it. He climbed the highest mountain and swam the deepest sea but came forth before the wiseman and other elves with nothing. All the tribe had lost faith and hope. They had a town meeting and discussed what to do. As they were talking a dark image appeared over them. It was Ragvok! He was at least ten stories high and his green ugly scales wavered and squivered in the howling wind. The elves could see the hunger in his eyes as he approached the tribal square. Everyone ran to the safety of their tree houses, and some just ran and ran; except for one. It was the elf that had looked for the weapon, and he just stood there. Suddenly, he and the dragon called Ragvok were face to face! Ragvok swung his razor sharp claws and almost knocked the poor little elf's head off as the elf went rolling across the ground! All of a sudden the elf felt a force running through his veins! It was a combination of anger and determination! he had found courage. It was inside him. The other elves, seeing that the small lone elf was battling Ragvok, found their courage too. Together, they all faced the dragon. They no longer feared the dragon. The dragon was now the fearful one and flew cowardly to his cave and died of starvation for he no longer had fear to feed on. The tribe thanked the wiseman and, of course, the elf that had shown them the way. From there on they had peace and happiness; not just in the woods but all over the world for everyone had this weapon called "courage".

Second Place

Love Conquers All

by

Katya Bergovoy
P.O. Box 676
Soap Lake, WA 98851

These were the time of serfdom. Poor Onisim had to live with his uncle, after his parents had died. His uncle had lots of boys bigger than him. Most of the time his cousins offended him, and made him do the work they were supposed to do. Many times at night his pillow was wet from tears, but that was not as terrible as what was waiting for him in the future. One day the older boy were shooting arrows up. They were trying to see who could shoot the highest. Onisim was looking up to see how high the arrow was going down already. It was going straight for his eye. Now he was not just and orphan, but a crippled orphan. The other boys were not sorry for him they, just laughed at him. Now Onisim 's life was even more sad then before. In that time, each boy that turned eighteen, had to work for the RICH MASTER. Onisim uncle decided to give Onisim to work instead all of his sons. Seven years Onisim worked instead of his cousins. His work was honest. Lots of times he would finish his work first, and help others. The MASTER was very happy with him and he loved him very much. The RICH MASTER felt sorry for him, because he was the pay of the borrowings of his cousins. RICH MASTER decided to do something nice for Onisim. Onisim was shocked when he got a house and apiece of land for a present. But MASTER said; This is not all I want to do for you, you must get married! Who do you like? Onisim grew sad he knew that no one would like to many a man with out an eye. In the same village there lived a pretty girl named Christina. She was very skillful in needlework. She made laces for the MASTER. The RICH MASTER offered him Christina. Many of the young men liked Christina. Onisim didn't want to hurt Christina by marrying her. But MASTER understood that Onisim likes Christina. He said; My word is the law, Christina is going to be yours. When Christina found out about it she began to cry. She dreaded for that to happen. But she knew, that the word of the MASTER is invariable, so they got married. The wedding was not happy . To Onisim it was very hard . He didn't want to see Christina so sad. Christina never imagined to have a husband with one eye. After the wedding days that followed were sad too. Onisim tried as hard as he could to show that he loved her. long time passed, Christina couldn't be indifferent to his love. When the first daughter was born, Christina and Onisim were very happy because they daughter was very beautiful. GOD gave them seven daughters. Onisim did all the things that would make Christina happy. Christina loved Onisim for the things he did. She taught her daughters about needlework and they were famous for their magnificent laces and other handiwork. One of her daughters was my great grandfather's mother, Elizabeth. She was a wonderful singer and every one enjoyed hearing her sing. She would make up her own songs for she knew that it was much easier to live with songs on your lips.

Third Place

Havana Gold

by

Irvin Yerby

South Cameron High School
Creole, Louisiana 70632

Yerby Smith was a migrant fisherman. He and his wife, Mary, and their two children moved from one fishing town to another. From the Atlantic Coast to the Gulf of Mexico, they followed the fishing boats.

In the spring of 1988, they moved to Cameron, Louisiana, a small town on the Gulf Coast. There Yerby worked for the Zapata Menhaden Company. The "Pogie" plant as it was called locally. The children went to the Summer Migrant School and Mary worked as a short order cook at Pat's Restaurant to help support the family.

Every week Yerby and Mary each spent one dollar for a lottery ticket. They dreamed of winning the lottery. Mary was tired of the constant moving. She wanted a new house with a flower garden and the kids, Frank and Molly, wanted to stay in one school all year.

The Smith's rented a small house with a yard for Mary's flowers. She dug up her favorite plants each time they moved and replanted them. All their possessions including the flowers, had to be moved in their old 1980 van.

A man came over and offered to help unload the van. He introduced himself as a neighbor. His mane was Martin Heller and he apologized for his heavy German accent. Yerby was straining to understand him. He said he came to the United States with his grandparents from Germany after the war. In fact, his grandparents had once lived in the house the Smiths were moving into. Heller told Mary his wife, Marguerite, worked for a teacher and his wife. They taught Spanish at the high school. He went on to say that after his grandparents died no one actually lived in the house. There had once been a sickly looking, cigar smoking man who spoke no English that moved in but had left soon after and had never been seen again.

The next morning Yerby went out early to dig up the flower bed for Mary. He was expecting a call from the plant to report to work when the boats came to unload; so he had to hurry. Martin Heller came over with two cups of coffee in his hand. Offering one to Yerby he said jokingly, "You digging for something?"

"Nope, just planting flowers," said Yerby.

Martin sat in a lawn chair as Yerby returned to his digging. He kept turning up shovels full of old clam and oyster shells and broken pieces of glass. Not very good soil he was thinking, when suddenly the shovel struck something solid. Digging around it, he saw it was an old metal cigar box.

He was about to open it when Mary called him to the phone. Seeing the box in Yerby's hand Martin got up to follow him, but he changed his mind. "Just more junk," he said to himself.

While Yerby was talking to the caller, curiously Mary opened the box and found some dried cigars, a key, a pocket watch, a folded paper and some documents written in Spanish.

Yerby went out to tell Martin he was going to work. "What was in the box?" Martin asked.

"Oh, nothing just an old empty box," replied Yerby.

That night, Mary and Yerby decided they would ask Marguerite's Spanish employer to read the paper which looked like a letter.

The next day Mary went with Marguerite to have the letter read. The Spanish teacher read the letter silently then told Mary she need to call her husband and a lawyer.

Mary, excitedly, left to call Yerby and Marguerite called Martin.

That afternoon Yerby, Mary and the Martin's, who insisted on coming with them, went to the District Attorney's office. There the Spanish teacher, Miss Theriot, translated the letter and the documents.

The Smith's sat stunned as the attorney, Mr. Alexander, explained to them that the key would open a safe deposit box in Cameron State Bank. The documents were titles to real estate in Havana, Cuba. The box had been buried there by the owner of its contents, Mr. Felix Nunezo. He fled Cuba during the Castro take over of Cuba. He left as a stow away on a fishing boat and was put on shore at Cameron. Mr. Nunezo had Malaria Fever and after depositing his money which the bank had converted from pesetas to dollars, he buried the cigar box and left Cameron.

The deposit box contained 500,000 dollars in cash, a ladies diamond ring, a dried rose and a letter wishing the finders of his box, "Good luck."

First Place

What Is A Migrant?
by
Sandra E. Trevino
2718 Lexington
Laredo, Texas

I am not a number, a statistic, nor an illegal. I am a person with feelings. Yes, I have feelings, and many. "Why?" perhaps you ask. I have worked and greatly suffered. You know, it is not easy being a migrant. Sometimes my friends ask me how it feels to be a migrant. Great! to leave school early, to enroll late, have a tutor, take night classes, Saturday classes, and sometimes correspondence classes. Great! I want to be a migrant. No, my dear friend, I do not arrive late. I arrive at five o'clock in the morning. While you are having your first dream, sweat washes my face, and I have bathed with fog in the long furrows. While you drop milk in the school's kitchen, I wish I could drink a drop of water because it seems like I never reach the end of the row. You say that you are bored with school, that you are tired of writing. Here I do not get bored, I do not have time. Yes I get tired, my back hurts from bending over; and at the end of the day, I feel that I will not be able to straighten up. Yesterday, they took my mother, to the hospital. They said she had a sun stroke. Poor thing, she did not stop working, until she fainted. Last year, my brother had a car accident, and we had to spend all that we had earned on doctor bills. Later, our truck broke down, and to make matters worse, we could not work because it rained all month. No, my friend, it is not all "fun". I have struggled so much. Yes, I am a "migrant" and I am not ashamed of it. However, I do not wish this on anyone. My teacher asked me, "Where were you? Did you take a long vacation, or what?" I answered, "Yes, I went to California, but not to visit Disneyland. I went to Montana, but not to ski. Also, I went to Ohio, but I could not go to the State Fair there. I have traveled all over the United States, but I have not seen anything, only farms." While you checked exams and gave zeros as usual, I revisited the fields, and sometimes I pulled out snakes instead of vegetables. While you had an "off" period and ate your taquitos, I also ate my cold egg and bean taquitos, not for pleasure, but because of necessity. While you had your vacations, I also traveled, but I couldn't see anything from the truck's bed, traveling heaven knows where, in search of work. Yes, I am a migrant. I study when I can, so that someday I can stop being poor and stop crying in the fields close to the town that I never knew. And when I am in Laredo and I go to class, perhaps I'll get better grades than you my dear friend, because, I am tired of being poor. You want to be a "Migrant"? I invite you to come with me for a year.

Second Place

The Cry
Folk Story as retold by
Yadira Vasquez

6793 West 51st Avenue
Arvado, Colorado

Once upon a time there was a very poor village. In that village there lived lots of children. They were happy and they went to go play in the river. There was a lady that lived by the river. She had two children. The lady's children would go play every day in the river and in the night time. One day the lady's son and daughter went to the river and the river had lots of water. The lady's son jumped in the river and he drowned, the river took him. The daughter started running home and told her mom, "Mom, mom the river took my brother. I could not see him!" The daughter told her mom.

The mom and daughter started to run to the river. They could not find him or see him anywhere. The whole village was looking for him but nothing happened. No one could find him. The mom was very sad. She cried everyday.

A week later the daughter missed her brother and she went down to the river at night. She was crying and yelling, "Brother where are you?" The river had lots of water. She didn't know what to do. She wanted her brother. Her mom didn't know where she was. Her mom was looking for her so she went down to the river and there she was. Her daughter was about to jump in the river, and when her mom got there she jumped. Her mom yelled, "Honey don't do it!" She had already jumped and she could not do anything because the river had lots of water, it was too high and it was going too fast. The lady started yelling, "Please someone help me, please!" No one could hear her. Her daughter was no longer there and she could do nothing.

The next day the lady was still in the river crying and yelling at the same time. She yelled, "Why God, why my children?"

Lots of days went by and the whole village was worried about the lady's children. Nobody in the village let their children get near the village. Lots of months went by and the mom of the children got very sick. Everybody in the village went to go and visit her. They brought her fruits, vegetables, candy and lots of food, because the lady did not have anyone. She did not have any relatives and her husband died when her youngest daughter was born. Her husband died in a car accident. and she just had her two children. Everybody in the village felt sorry for her because she always lived alone with her two children and now that her children died she was more lonely than ever. Everybody liked her because she was a nice lady. The lady cried and yelled every day. The lady yelled so loud that she woke up the whole village. The village could not sleep for lots of days.

They called her "The Cry Baby" because she cried so much. One day the whole village went to visit the lady because she had not cried the whole night. When they got in the house they went to the room. She was lying down on the bed with her eyes closed and her hands on her chest. She was holding a picture of her children and her husband.

One neighbor called her but she did not answer. The neighbor moved her but she did not move. The neighbor went out yelling, "Come, come here please. The Cry Baby is very sick. Please come!"

The whole village came to see what was going on, and the doctor came too. He told the village that the lady had died of sadness. The people of the village burried her and they were all very sad.

For many years, people could hear noises in the river. The whole village was afraid. When village people would go out to play in the river, a lady with long black hair to her ankles and a long white dress would appear out of the river. Everytime she's there and sees a child playing, she takes the child and no one ever knows what happens to them. Today the whole village is clean of children. There are no children living there at all.

Third Place

Tam and Cam

Folk story as retold by
Tuan Nguyen
2701 West 91st Street
Denver, Colorado

Tam and Cam were sisters. After their mother's death, their dad married with another wife. Cam and her new mother hated Tam, because Tam was so beautiful. The mother hated Tam as much as she liked Cam. Cam was a cruel, ugly girl, and she always envied Tam. Cam and her new mother maltreated her and made her work too hard all the day.

One day, the mother called Tam and Cam to come and see her. She gave them a basket and said, "The one who cashes the most fish, I will give a new dress."

They went a field and started to catch the fish. Cam was a lazy girl. She didn't do anything because she never worked before, she only liked to catch bees and pick flowers. Tam was studious and serious and worked very hard. Before long, Tam caught many fish, but Cam did nothing and she didn't catch anything.

In the evening, Cam was ready to go home. She had an idea to tell lies about Tam. She told Tam, "Tam, your hair is very dirty. You must clean it before you go home."

Tam believed her. So she went to wash her hair in the river. When she came ashore, she looked in her basket, but it was empty. She didn't know why? What do you think happened? Can you give her an answer?

When Tam went to wash her hair in the river, Cam stole all of her fish and she went home. Of course, she got the dress from her new mother.

Tam was very sad. She looked again in her basket and she saw only one sea fish. In my country we called that 'ca bong." She took it home and put it in the lake. Every evening she carried food and called out loud, "Bong, Bong, Bong, Bong" and Bong came and ate food. Little by little, Tam regarded Bong as a friend. After a hard days' work she came there to watch the fish eat.

Cam and her mother knew about it. They weren't happy about that. They wanted to kill and eat Ca Bong. One day on the occasion Tam was not home, Cam and her mom carried food to the lake and called "Bong, Bong, Bong, Bong" and

Bong came and they caught it and went home. At home, they cooked and ate it. After they ate it they threw the bones out into the yard.

Tam cam home and carried food to the lake as usual. She called, "Bong, Bong, Bong, Bong" but Bong didn't come. She waited for half and hour, but she didn't see anything. Suddenly she saw blood in the middle of the lake. She started to cry louder and louder. Suddenly, God became visible and told here everything about Cam and her mom. God advised her "Don't be sad. Now you go to your home and pick it up every bone of the Bong, and put it in a bottle and entomb it under your bed." Tam listened very carefully and obeyed God's instructions.

One day the king had a festival to choose a wife. He called every woman in his country to his palace and he said, "Whoever fits this show will be my wife."

Every woman showed up amidst excitement to the palace because everybody wanted to be the queen. Numbered among the women were Cam and her mom. Cam's mom, though older and with a husband, but she still liked to be the queen.

At home, Cam and her mom got ready for the festival. During that time, Tam was working hard in the field. At noon, she came home. She would like to go to the festival too, but Cam's mom said, "Hey Tam, look at your face in the mirror! Your face is very ugly and you don't have e anew dress for the festival, anyway. If you went, you would make me lose face with everybody and they will make fun of me. After that she didn't let Tam go and gave Tam a rice and paddy to mix together and said, "After you finish that you must go to the festival."

Tam was very sad, but she worked.

Cam and her mom went away to the festival. Tam was working and crying. Then God came to her again and asked her, "Why are you so sad?" She told God everything. God understood and said, "Now I'll help you finish your job. Don't be sad."

God called the birds to come and help her. After they finished that she cried again. God cam and asked, "Why do you cry?"

She said, "I wanted to go to the festival, but I don't have a nice dress and jewelry.

God smiled and said, "Don't be scared. Now you go to your bed and pick up the bottle under your bed. You will have everything you need."

She went to pick it up, and there was a white horse, a new dress, shoes and very much jewelry. She got dressed with everything and went over to the white horse. She looked exactly like a fairy descended from heaven. And then she started to go to the festival.

During the festival, every woman tried on the king's shoes. Cam and her mom endeavored but their feet were too big. Until Tam tried. It fit exactly and, of course, Tam was to be the new queen and live in the palace with the king.

One day on the anniversary of the death of her dad, she returned to her home to make occasion for her dad. Cam and her mom still wanted to kill Tam for Cam to be the queen. Cam's mom formed a plan to kill Tam. She told her to climb the Areca Palm tree, because in my country we always use Areca Palm for occasion or married. Tam started to climb. Under the tree Cam's mom cut the trees and Tam fell into the lake and died.

Her soul, a victim of injustice, became a bird which sat on top of the tree and called all day. After Tam's death, Cam became the queen in Tam's place and she lived with the king in his palace. The bird flew to the top of Cam's house and called all day, making Cam's mom very angry.

She caught the bird and ate it and put the bird's coat out on the road. There in the road, a tree grew and it had only two very big fruit and the scent was wafted abroad.

One day an old woman passed and took a rest under the tree. She saw the big fruit and rice. Suddenly, she mumbled a prayer, "I wish I had that. I haven't eaten. I'll keep it and then I put that on my bed."

Naturally the fruit fell right near her, and she took it and put it at the foot of her bed. The next day, she came home from the supermarket because she was retail trade at the supermarket. She was very astonishment because on the table have food still hot and her house very clean. She didn't know who helped her.

One day she wanted to know who helped her while she was away shopping. She went halfway and then went back to her home and she say one pretty woman come from the fruit. She looked like a fairy. The old, very astonishment woman suddenly ran very fast to the fairy and hugged her. Then, the fairy couldn't get back into the fruit. Tam and the woman lived together very happy.

The king, since Tam's death, was very sad. Sometimes he went for a walk. One day he went to the old woman's store and he took a rest there. Suddenly he saw a coat exactly like the one Tam made, and he asked her who made it. The old woman replied, "That is my daughter."

The king went with the old woman to her house and he saw Tam. He was very happy. For a long time the husband and the wife met together, weeping tears of joy.

The king recompensed for the old woman jewelery, and he received Tam back into his palace. He wanted to condem Cam and her mother, but Tam very clemency and she demanded that the kind should not kill them. Instead, she said, "Let her be in the palace with us."

Then one day, Cam asked Tam, "Do you like me better and better?" and asked Tam asked Cam back "Do you like me better and better? and Cam answered "Yes."

Tam called somebody to come and she said, "Please make for me a chasm and she cooked hot water and told Cam, "If you want to be beautiful like me, you can. Just take a bath in this hot water." Because Cam was stupid she took a bath and she died.

Deserve well for them. Make offend must plead guilty. From that day forward, Tam was a good person, always helping everybody and she lived very happy continuously with the king forever.

Essays

Winning essays written by 8 to 11 year old students

Butterflies
Heather Stine

Untitled
Charlene Chartain

When I Went To New York
Evanda Simmons

Winning essays written by 12 to 15 year old students

Migrant Dropouts
Jorge Botello

The Sad Story of an Immigrant
or
Immigrant By Mistake
Pedro Chavez

A Very Special Person
Bertha Salas

Winning essays written by 16 to 19 year old students

Sacrifice
Carlos Carranza

Yellow Cheese and Yellow Busses
Christina Quintanilla

Untitled
Maria Elena Dominquez

First Place

Butterflies
by
Heather Stine
R.D. 3, 11579 County Road 7
Shortsville, New York

The butterfly is the most beautiful and graceful insect. Some poets have called them "winged flowers" and "flying gems". Butterflies fly from flower to flower, drinking nectar. It is hard to believe that a beautiful butterfly was once a worm.

Butterflies do not grow larger as they get older. Scientists do not know which butterfly is the smallest. Butterflies are found all around the world. They live in deserts, cold mountain tops and hot forests. Some butterflies live only a few weeks, while others may live up to a year.

You can tell a butterfly from a moth in four ways. First, most butterflies fly only during the day, while moths fly at night. Secondly, butterflies fold their wings straight up over their bodies, but moths rest their wings flat. All butterflies have knobs at the ends of their antennae, but moths have tiny hairs. Most butterflies have thin bodies, but moths are rather plump.

Some people think that the butterfly got its name because so many of them have the bright yellow color of butter. I just think they're beautiful.

Second Place

Untitled
by
Charlene Chartain
1108 Willow Street
Mars Hill, Maine 04758

Christmas will be happier this year for the families on Eagle Street. Hurricane Andrew destroyed many of our homes during its rapid strong winds.

Patsy and Miranda, who lived near our house, now have a new mobile home that is large and beautiful. They like it because they now have enough space to store all of their clothes and toys. Their little puppy Sparky also has his own space.

The girls said they are happier. Living in a shelter, for three months with their mom, dad, brothers and several families made them not so happy. Miranda is real glad because we will be able to visit Grandmom at their new apartment.

All of the families on Eagle Street will go to church on Christmas Eve. Our Sunday School will have a special program. I am going to give the welcome. Some of the children have parts in the skit. Others will sing in the choir. Sandy is going to play "Joy to the World" on the piano. Mrs. Hills, my teacher, will assist Santa in giving gifts to all of the children. Our Dad will say the special prayer of gratitude because no one was killed during the storm. He said even though many families lost their homes, clothes, most of their possessions and other personal items, things could have been worse. We agree that material things can usually be replaced, but lives are to be treasured.

Third Place

When I Went To New York

by

Evanda Simmons

1049 Horizon Ct.
Winter Garden, Florida 34787

When I went to New York I was seven years old and I was so excited. We went with Granddad and Grandmom, my mom, my sister, an aunt and some uncles.

It was interesting because it was unique. We had gone to pick apples and pears, and we stayed together in a cute brick house. I stayed there for about three to four months, through the summer and into the fall. While I was there, I lived in a town called Kendall. It was such a nice and quiet place to live.

The school I went to was called Kendall Elementary, and it went from grades Pre-K through the 6th grade. It was a very large school. It was as large as our middle school. While in New York, I still visited other places.

There were'nt many people living right around us. Right across from us there was a big white house, right beside us was a huge, wooden red house and further down the road lived one big family that had two humongous white houses. The family owned a number of animals like horses, cows, hogs, bulls and other wild animals. All the people that lived on my street were very sociable, kind, polite, understanding and very together people. There were not many children that lived on my street other than my sister and I.

The weather was temperate. Sometimes it was freezing. For the few months that I was in New York. I became able to cope with all of the temperatures. When fall came and the leaves fell off the trees, there was a huge pile of colorful leaves in our front yard, and my sister and I played in it.

The week that we were going to leave it started to snow hard. When the day came for us to leave, we cranked up the van and then we tried to back it out, but it would'nt go because of all the snow. When we tried again, it went back. If I had not remembered anything else, I remembered that I certainly wanted to go back.

First Place

Migrant Dropouts
by
Jorge Botello

3212 S.E. 39th Avenue
Okeechobee, Florida 34974

In my essay, I'm going to be expressing my feelings about a subject so important it is hard to miss: Migrant teenagers dropping out of schooll because we are forced to work in the field with our parents; We must also migrant up and down the migrant stream, mssing a lot of school.

For most people, dropping out of school is good for them because they think school is just a waste of time. However, in my opinion, I think school is a very important part of your life. I'm not just saying this because I want to win the contest. I'm saying this because I feel very bad for people that can't make a good living or get a good job because they didn't finish school.

Migrant students that are dropping out don't realize that they're making a big mistake. They just don't realize it because they're young. I can understand that any youngster that is still in school can be very stupid and make mistakes, but in this case, big-time mistakes. You see, if everybody starts dropping out of school, there will be no future for us. Now, the way I see it, we are the future, regardless of our lifestyle. What we do will probably end up hurting someone or something in the future.

Now, this is me talking! Since I was in kindergarten, I've had a dream. That dream for me has been very challenging. My dream is to become successful, regardless of my migrant life style. So far, I have been successful, because I haven't lost faith in my dream and I haven't dropped out of school. For me, school is the best thing that has ever happened to me. Why? Because school has given me a chance to learn more about my past, my history, my future, practically everything. All this has happened because I haven't lost faith in others or myself.

This is to all the dropouts. Whether you ar emigrant or not if you dropped out years ago and you don't think you can come back to school, give it one more chance! think again! There is such a thing as starting over. It's never too late to correct your mistakes. I know it feels bad when you fail at something, but life is like a carnival ride: sometimes you ride the carnival rides perfectly, and sometimes you come against a very tough obstacle and you just feel like backing down. Well, don't!

Most peoply would probably ride this tough obstacle many times until it hit them, and they said to themselves, "Hey! I did it. I actually succeeded!" The major reason is because that person didn't quit - they knew that every time that they would go for a ride, the were going to fall off the ride sometime. But, they know that if they keep trying, they will succeed. The point is, they didn't let their failure get the best of them.

I'm thirteen years old in the 7th grade, and I have 4.0 GPA. I always enroll in school late, but I always manage to keep my grades up. Being a migranat student doesn't mean we are quitters. It's a challenge to me to enroll in school late and still be at the top of the class. So, to all the dropout migrant students, give it another chance, because your education can be a very bright future for you.

Second Place

The Sad Story of an Immigrant
or
Immigrant By Mistake

by

Pedro Chavez

Forest Grove High School
Forest Grove, Oregon 97116

This was a family that was very happy who lived in Mexico. But like all men who seeks the best for his children the father departed to the "land of dreams" (which is the USA). He wanted to earn more money in order to live better.

Five years went by and the man of the family was believed dead and that is what the wife came to believe, so she moved in with another man. Eight years later the wife finds out that her husband is not dead. Alone, she went in search of him. When she found him, she sent notice to her children that they had to travel to the "land of dreams".

Among the children that had to travel was a teenager named Andres. Andres was 13 years old and did not want to leave his country. Against his will he lefe and in two weeks he arrived to the USA in company of his entire family. With the help of such, he was able to attend a public school. It was there that he was able to graduate from high school with the desire to become someone important and return to his country. Andres was not happy and his sadness acompanied him because of the fact that he was no legal in this country. Also, he wasn't able to work because not only was here illegally but he was also a minor. This matter made him a totally depressed person in this country.

The day finally come when he graduated from high school and since he wanted to be someone important he would have to finish a career. When he looked into college he found out that in order to go to he would need legalize immigration documents. Since Andres did not have them he had to return to Mexico after all the efforts he had made in the "land of dreams". Andres came to hate the "land of dreams" because he saw that in this country the Latinos were not give their place as it should be.

After everything, he returned to Mexico. His birth country, the land that he so loved. When he arrived to it, he promised to never leave it again. In Mexico, he was hapapy because it was here that his dreams were. Hi sdreams of being a great person. He accomplished it! Presently, he is a great prestigious Auto Mechanic and very happy.

La Triste Historia de Un Emigrante
O
Emigrante Por Error

Por Pedro Chavez

Esta era una familia muy feliz que vivia en Mexico. Pero como todo hombre de familia busca lo mejor para sus hijos se fue al "pais de los sueños" (que es los Estados Unidos). Andres queria ganar más dinero para poder vivir mejor.

Déspues de 5 años el señor de la familia se creia muerto y la esposa asi lo dio y se junto con otro hombre. A vuelta de ocho años la esposa se dio cuenta que no habiá muerto. Sola, ella fue en busca de el. Cuando lo encontro le mando decir a sus hijos que tenian que viajar al "pais de los sueños".

Entre los que tenian que viajar habia un joven llamado Andres. Andres tenia 13 años y no queria salir de su pais. Contra su voluntad salio y en dos semanas llego a EEUU en compania de toda su familia. Con ayuda de la misma, logro estudiar en una escuela publica. Ahi siguio estudiando con el solo proposito de lograr ser alguien y regresar a su pais. Andres no era felix y su tristeza lo acompañaba con el ser ilegal en este pais. Tampoco podia trabajar porque ademas de ser ilegal tambien era menor de edad. Lo hacia todo un joven decepsionado en este pais.

Al fin llego el día de que se graduo de "high school" y como queria ser una gente importante tenia que terminar una carrera. Cuando el se informó de como entrar al colegio se dio cuenta que para entrar necesitaría papeles de emigranante. Como Andres no los tenia tuvo que regresar a Mexico pesar de todos los esfuerzos que hizo en el pais de los sueños. Andres llego a aborrecer "el pais de los sueños" porque el vio que a los latinos no se les daba su lugar como deberia de ser.

Al fin de cuentas, el regreso a Mexico. Su pais natal, la tierra que el tanto queria. Cuando el llego a ella, juro nunca mas salir de ella. En Mexico, si fue feliz porque alla era donde estaban sus sueños. Sus suenos de ser una gente grande. Lo logro! Ahora es un gran Mecanico Automotris muy prestigiado y muy felixz.

Third Place

A Very Special Person
by
Bertha Salas
209 Roberts Road
Immokalee, Florida 33934

People, that's what this world is made of. But not all people are the same. Some are more important than others. For example, there are some incidents that happen with another person that you'll never forget.

The person who is very important to me is my grandmother. She was not too short nor too tall. She haad short brown and white hair and would hardly use any make-up. She was strict but lovable. She was sixty-one when she died. My grandmother was always clean and very organized.

My experience with my grandmother was very traumatic. She woould always be after me when I did wrong. She loved me and cared for me more than any of her grandaughters. She would treat me special and would always consider me before everybody else, because I was the only one that listened to her and helped her with everything. she cared about my grades and was always glad when I would bring good grades from schoo.

My grandmother is very important to me. even after her death. I still have all the memories of joy and sorrow we shared together. She was very unique in a way that you would understand what her point was when she would give you advice.

Some people think it's not important to care for someone or to be cared about. But I knew someone very special whom I appreciated annd looked up to very much. This person cared about me. and I'll never forget my grandmother.

First Place

A Sacrifice

by

Carlos Carranza

3305 Williams Dairy Road
Liberty, North Carolina 27298

When someone makes a sacrifice, that person gives up something he really values to achieve something even more important. Many people make sacrifices for different reasons. A young person may sacrifice spending time with his friends so he can work to make money for a car. Some people sacrifice having things like a television or telephone so they will have money for food. My father made a great sacrifice so he could provide a better way for his family.

My father sacrificed his lifestyle and his childhood home for his family. In 1983 my father made a decision to come to America. He left Mexico and went to Texas to get a job. He worked everyday as a delivery man for a tortilla store. Next he managed a floral shop. Every week he sent money to us in Mexico so we would have food and clothes. For three years, my dad worked all over the United States in any job he could find. We did not see him during this time. We continued to attend school while our mother worked washing clothes and cleaning houses for people.

In 1988 our family was reunited when we moved to Liberty, North Carolina. My dad was the only member of our family who could speak English. It was his dream that his family learn to speak English and live in America. We began school while he worked on a pig farm to support us. Living conditions were not ideal. In 1989 my family moved to Asheboro so my dad could work on a dairy farm. Once again, problems prompted us to move to our present home at Williams Dairy.

Finally my father's sacrifice paid off. Our family is together and working on a dairy farm. My brother and sisters attend good schools and speak English well. Since coming here, my sister Diana was born, and we all love her so much. I am proud of my dad for the sacrifices and hardships he endured so we could have better lives.

Second Place

Yellow Cheese and Yellow Busses

by

Christina Quintanilla

1917 Alexander Circle
Immokalee, Florida 33934

A two and a half day journey among a family of five adults and eight children, cramped in the back of a pick-up truck, brought me across the Mexican border to the United States. for an eight year old, it seemed an entire lifetime. The irony was that everyone was depending on the driving experience of my cousin - a sophomore in high school. Only now do I see the risk we all took the moment we got in the truck to leave Reynosa, Mexico to come to Farm Worker Village in Immokalee, Florida. None of us could speak English.

Upon entering school, I had to face the fact that I didn't know anyone! Eating lunch at school such as yellow cheese and hamburgers, along with milk, no uniforms to wear, yellow busses and air-conditioning didn't seem right. The confusion I felt was dreadful. Another difficulty was accepting a "dumb" status among my classmates. I was the new kid, a foreigner, and not considered a good student even though I used to be the best student in Mexico. I knew I hadn't become stupid on the way to Florida. I pulled myself together, and not only mastered English in seven months, but went on to become one of the top students in Immokalee High School.

Now I plan to take the next step and go on to college. Since children are the future of the country, I want to make an impact on their lives by becoming a pediatrician.

Third Place

Untitled
by
Maria Elena Dominguez

P. O. Box 930
Somerton, Arizona 85350

"If you want to help someone for a day give them a fish, but if you want to help them all their life teach them to fish."

This is one of the sayings my father taught me as a child, and it is something I live by today. I strive for the best. I have been through many changes and it has been very hard for me. Yet I have met these challenges and succeeded.

My parents have had the most influence in my life. Every time they can, they give me advice, and listen to my opinions. Above all, they respect my opinions and they support me in everything. They are one of the reasons that I am continuing my education.

My parents wanted to have a better life so they decided to come and live with some relatives in Somerton, Arizona. Moving from Mexico to the United States was a big challenge, but because I was older, it seemed to be an even bigger challenge. There was a changed in school, a change in country, a change in language, and a change in culture. I am a shy person, so I was scared, but thanks to my fear, I made an effort to continue with my studies and do my best. I also wanted to prove to myself and to my family that no matter what circumstances lead you in life, if you want something you can achieve it as long as you are willing to work for it.

I like life here more than in Mexico, because here schools are more supportive of teenagers who want to study and reach a higher education. For example, we have more opportunities to be in clubs, sports, to be someone in the community, and to have more experience.

Thanks to some of these opportunities, I had the chance to go to Washington, D.C. I went for a week with a group of students like myself (people new to the country). We belonged to the school's Close-Up Club. This was a great experience for me. With my church youth group I also had the opportunity to go see Pope John Paul II at the International World Youth Day, in Denver, Colorado.

During these trips I had a the chance to meet a lot of people, people that I know have gone through similar or greater challenges than myself. I now know that not everything is bad and that a good experience comes out of every bad one. Some of the people I met taught me never to give up. They found out, like I did, that we are no less than anyone and that it doesn't really matter where we were born, or how much money we have, what matters is how much we desire to be someone.

My career goal is to be an accountant, but of course, I would like to keep on studying after I receive my degree in accounting. I would like to obtain my Masters in Business Administration. Each day that goes by I know that this career or any other is hard work, but as my father always told me, "If the things that are most important in life came easily, everyone would be able to do them."

After having experienced so many different kinds of waters, I look back on all I have done. I look forward to accomplishing my goals and hope to be able to look back and see how well I have learned to fish.

Poems

Winning poems written by 8 to 11 year old students

The Me I'm Learning To Be
Gabriela Gallegos

Untitled
Irma Mena

The Butterfly
Emily Norvarg

Winning poems written by 12 to 15 year old students

Still Watching
Ruben Soto

I Could Only Imagine
Claudia R. Guerrero

A Tear For Magic
Corey Fortson

Winning poems written by 16 to 19 year old students

De la Escuela Dejame Hoy Resbalar - Pablo Neruda
Santana Villa

Let Me Forget Today This Joy Which Is Greater Than The Sea
Pablo Neruda
Emma Garcia

Realms of Madness
Sulma Medina

First Place

The Me I'm Learning To Be

by

Gabriela Gallegos

P. O. Box 85
Jennings, Florida 32053

There's more to me than meets the eye,
I'm beginning to understand: It's what I think and
how I feel that make me what I am.
Why do I do the things I do?
And say the things I say?
What is important and how do I tell?
I'm learning more each day
I earn from friends and family,
from work, from play and from school.
I've also learned to take some time to sit
and think things through.
The more I learn the more I grow, and
then the more I see just how much more I want to know.
The Me I'm Learning to Be!

Second Place

Untitled
by
Irma Mena
E. Danny Drive
Pharr, Texas

While the earth spins on
Turning, turning
Toward the sun,

The moon floats by
In its circle
In our sky.

And while it floats,
Earth and Moon, two in one,
Rush on
While the bright planets
In a ring
Around the sun.

And as they rush
And swing and turn
The gases off the sun swirl
and burn.

Third Place

The Butterfly

by

Emily Norvarg

288 South Wintzell Avenue
Bayou La Batre, AL 36509

When the butterfly drifts from flower to flower
It watches as people stare.
"I need to escape, but where?"
- To a nice meadow
Where one day
I'll become a flock of butterflies,
A filigree of color:
By cloudless sunshine,
where flowers bloom,
All delicate,
with sweet perfume.
Your nose inhales
I stop, that you
My enemy see:
Take a step and I fly away,
Quickly.

First Place

Still Watching
by
Ruben Soto
2213 Dennis Avenue
Brownsville, Texas 78520

She always leaned to watch for us,
Anxious if we were late.
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate.

Her thoughts were also full of us,
She never could forget!
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet.

Waiting till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late -
Watching from heaven's gate.

Second Place

I Could Only Imagine
by
Claudia R. Guerrero

Rt. #1, Box 17-B
Covington, Texas 76636

Not seeing her face,
tears run down my eyes,
hoping that I could've seen her.

Lying there cold and white,
but I could only imagine
the faces there.

Knowing that she had left
I fell, crying on my knees,
screaming, "Please, Please."

Saying to myself it should have been me.

Remembering this face,
this lovely soul,
My cousin, I loved so.

Third Place

A Tear For Magic

by

Corey Fortson

P.O. Box 902

Hastings, FL 32145

Why can they not see me as a human being
living my life in misery and pain?
Why do they fear me and ignore me
and persecute my name?

Why can't they except me for who I am
instead of my disease
that only effected me mentally,
because physically I am still me,

If you loved and respected me once
them you should be able to accept me now,
no matter how far you put me down
I am still God's child.

You can fear me because I have aids,
and once I had pawer, wealth, and fame.
But now I live day by day,
living my life in vain.

I couldn't ease the fears of my fellow payers.
nor the fear of my supporting fans.
But I want you to know I am a surviver.
I (Ervin Magic Johnson) will always stand.

What Magic Johnson has is serious,
and it's something he has to live with.
But inspite of all publicity,
I would still shed a tear for Magic....

First Place

De la Escuela Dejame Hoy Resbalar- Pablo Neruda

by

Santana Villa
Davis High School
212 So. 6th Ave
Yakima, WA 98902

Let me feel today the surety;
The certainty given by the power of letters
that which in the deepest of the unknown
is the reason taught by the most distant past.
The generation that crosses barriers in search
of its destiny.

A soft and powerful feeling, hiding.
Like a pearl occulted by countless forces
is extracted by strang silence.
Carrier of deeds and future silences.
Visible noises seeking their nests.
Let me dream the sought-for dream
and seek the soft, complete past
With hard steps; straight, solid, and pure
I march toward eternity with the vision
of my writing hand.

(Spanish Version of De La Escuela Dejame Hoy Resbalar-Pablo Neruda)

Dejame ahora sintir la seguridad.
La seguridad gue da el poder de las letras
que es lo mas profundo de lo desconocido,
es la razon ensendad por el mas lejano pasado.
La generacion cruzando barreras buscando su destino
un suave y poderozo sentido escondiendose
Como perla oculatada por inumerables fuerzas.
Es traido por silenciesos, extranos.
Portador de echos y silencios futuros.
Ruidos visibles buscando nidos.
Dejame sonar el sueno buscado.
Buscar el suave completo pasado.
Con pasos duros y rectos, solidos y puros
marcho a la eternidad al ver mi mano
escrivir una letra.

Second Place

Let me forget today, this joy, which is greater than the sea - Pablo Neruda

by
Emma Garcia
212 South 6th Avenue
Yakima, WA 98902

I am the voice,
for those who have no voices.
I am the fighter.
The fighter who fights for her rights.

I am the one whose in pain.
The one who is afraid to show emotions.

I am the adult
the one who had to grow up too fast.
The one whose childhood was taken away.

I am like the air,
The one that everyone depends on.

I want to be a child.
I want to be carefree.
I don't want to be someone you depend on.
I want to depend on someone.

I want to be a child.
I want to be free
Quiero ser libre

Third Place

Realms of Madness

by

Sulma Medina

P.O. Box 489
Canal Point, FL 33438

Cold wind nips at face and ears.
Subtly whispering dark secrets
That have yet to come.
Autumn leaves cover the worn path.
The knee-high crass sways to and fro
As foreboding wind sweeps through it.

Clenching steel fists.
Gritting fierce teeth.
Eyes welling,
Tears fall without a sound.
Cloud the mind.

Anger gushing forth.
Wild eyes hunger for
Something to avenge the madness.
Ravenous hands tear the chest,
Scattering cloth like plaid petals
upon the ground.

Enraged appetite let yearing,
Thoughts turn inward.
Hands grope for destruction.
Punching, Scratching,
Longing to hurt.

Racing to and fro,
Obsessed with a hatred so deep
It turns to insanity.
Hurling forward, ripping grass
From the ground, sharp blades
Cut into flesh.

Whincing in anger,
He falls backward
Panting....Sweating,
Crumpled grass blades
Fall from his hands.

The cold wind of sanity sweeps
Through him.
Slowly rising to knees,
He inhales deeply and
Breathes in the fresh grass scent,
And out the wicked air
Madness dispels.

The
Richard A. Bove
Memorial

Migrant Student
Poets and Writers Festival

MIGRANT CHILDREN
WE ARE THE HARVEST

1995

RC 020607

Second Annual

Richard A. Bove Migrant Students' Writers and Poets Festival

March 1995

This is the second year of the ***Richard A. Bove Migrant Students' Poets and Writers Festival*** as a national activity sponsored by the **Richard A. Bove Memorial Fund for Migrant Children.**

The Memorial Fund was established in Richard's memory to celebrate his love of writing and his life long love of and devotion to the migrant children of the harvesters of our fields.

The Richard A. Bove Memorial Fund Committee extends their sincere thanks and appreciation to all the students who submitted entries, and to their teachers and families who so capably assisted them.

This publication gives special recognition to the twenty-seven winners in all categories as selected by a national group of judges with expertise in education, language, writing, evaluation and experience with migrant education programs.

It is the intention of these activities to encourage and reward the students' creativity, give them an avenue for expression, and assist them in developing the skills needed to share their valuable thoughts and ideas in writing.

I would like to personally thank the judges, contributing members of the committee and friends who so willingly gave of their talents and time. A very special recognition and thanks goes to Patricia A. Ward for her dedication to this program.

With Love To All,

Beverly A. Norton Bove
President

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ESSAYS

How My Dad Died 1
Chucky Doyle

I Like Being Me 2
Omar Alarez

El Bosque 3
Jesus Sanchez

Here We Go Again: A Migrant's Life 4
Lesley Hernandez

Should Illegal Drugs Be Legal? 6
Rosa Sandoval

Untitled Essay 8
Jose Mendoza

Untitled Essay 9
Francisco Rico

Life In Mexico 11
Geovanni Roberto Pena

In School 13
Karina Murillo

Poems

No Plants No Growth 14
Jeanne Lambert

A Walk In The Woods 15
Kara Gaston

Unos Pensamientos Mios 16
Eloy G. Chavez Pacheco

Nightfall 17
Brenda Lee Hernandez

Memoirs Of A Brave Leader 18
Antonio Bradford

The Family 20
Liticia Melendez

Ideas About Us - I Am 21
Alex Rodas

MI AMOR 23
Pedro Lerma

The Wonderful Words 24
Outh Sananikone

SHORT STORIES

"Un Padre 25
Daisy Morales

The Power Within Yourself 27
Christian Trejo

Predator 29
Jamie Jewett

The Special Secret Place 31
Norma Rivera

Accepting 33
Sandra Toribio

Recordando A Mi Abuelita 36
Maria Diaz

My Escape 38
Soutsada Khounvongsa

Untitled Short Story 40
Reyna Rangel

A Day To Remember 41
B.J. Doolittle

ESSAYS

FIRST PLACE
ESSAYS - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

HOW MY DAD DIED

Chucky Doyle

Ellsworth, Maine

It was on my brother Ronnie's birthday. My dad said to one of his friends, "I'll take you for the ride of your life." And rode down Christmas Tree Road. About twenty minutes later his friend came back on the four wheeler, because he had hit a gate. **HOW!** He wasn't paying attention! After my mom found out she called 911 three times. My mom's cousin's brother and I were sitting in the house very worried. My mom jumped on the four wheeler and drove to my dad. The ambulance took an hour to get there. I ran up to the end of the driveway. I told the ambulance driver where to go. A couple of minutes later the ambulance went by. My mom followed. I went with her . When I got to the hospital I was worried that my dad would die. Then all the doctors came out and said he died. My mom couldn't walk because she was so upset. After we went home, but we couldn't go to bed, we tried but we couldn't. We just sat there.

It's been more than a year since the accident. I try not to think about it. I try to put it out of my mind. I stay very busy. By writing this story I feel a lot better. I love my Dad.

SECOND PLACE
ESSAYS - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

I LIKE BEING ME

Omar Alvarez

Florida City, Florida

I like being me and what I really like most about myself is that I am a very helpful person.

On Saturdays and Sundays I go with my father to help him at work and he lets me help him build the house. I like helping my father. I lean alot from him.

I like to help my brother build some of his model cars and I also help my brother wash his truck. My brother teaches me a lot of things also.

I help my mother wash the clothes and hang the clothes. I take them off of the hanger and fold them for her.

Finally, I like to help my big sister take care of her little boy and little girl. I like helping and leaning from my family.

THIRD PLACE
ESSAYS - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

EL BOSQUE

Jesus Sanchez

La Joya, Texas

El bosque es como un campo pero mas grande
Un dia 13 de Noviembre. La maquiladora Flores corto todos los arboles y el bosque puedo seco.

Los arboles los usaban para papel silla; bancos escolares y est pero esa fabrica cortaba munchos arboles sin nesesidad para nada y de un solo arbol sale nomas una cucharia muy chica.

Pero un dia llegaron dos investigadores llamados cachets investigaron y dieron con los corta arboles y les digieron cha no corten arboles.

Y en ves de cortar arboles se pusieron a sembrar arboles por que los arboles nos dan sombra y el aire para respirar y son LA CAPA DE OSONO.

La que nos alluda a vivir megor y pue nosotros no la estamos acabando cada dia mas con el esprai pue nos echamos en la cabesa y el umo de los carros viejos.

Todos el bosque esta lleno de arboles y de plantas y espero pue cuando vallan a un bosque recuerden antes de irse apagen su fogata y alos ninos pue no se ballan legos del campamento por pue puede haber OSOS comelones.

FIRST PLACE
ESSAYS - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

Here We Go Again: A Migrant's Life

Lesley Hernandez

La Joya, Texas

"Well, here we go again," I tell myself sadly. My family and I are going up north again. "May God help us and guide us all the way," I remind myself because I want nothing bad to happen to us in our very long drive from La Joya to Michigan. It is sad in a way that we have to leave our home town again. But, that's our way of life in order to survive. We do this because we have to put food on our table and clothes on our back; but, the most important reason we migrate is so we can keep the dream alive of someday having enough money to be able to own a shelter or a house that we'll be able to call "home".

This is not an easy life that we have chosen. We know what's ahead in the next couple of months - hard manual labor. It means getting up real early in the morning, working hard all day, but we know why we have to do this. My mom always tells us, "If we were rich we wouldn't have to worry about anything, but we probably wouldn't appreciate the things in life. "I guess that since we're not rich we appreciate and value life, the things in it, and what surrounds us. Still, I can't help but wonder what life would be like if we were well off.

As far back as I can remember, my family and I have been migrating up states. We've worked the fields in California Wisconsin, Florida, Illinois and Michigan. My parents know that every time we do leave, it affects us in all kinds of ways. We end up leaving friends and family behind, going to different schools, and hopefully making new friends. We seem to have just settled in, gotten used to a new routine in a new school, when all of a sudden we're told the news - we're migrating again. Of course, being a constant traveler has its benefits: I've learned how to use maps, how to drive a tractor and how to get along with my nine brothers and sisters (and mom and dad). Not only that, it has also taught us responsibility because we are expected to pitch in and help around the house

My parents don't really have to tell us why they make decisions, but they tell us we travel up state for only several good reasons: to give us everything we need, to someday have a better future in life. To mom and dad that can only mean one thing - being able to stop working in the fields someday. My parents always tell us, "First get an education: that's the only way to better your future." Being able to break the migrant cycle will also help my parents know that indeed we have a better opportunity to live a more fruitful, easier life than theirs.

In the end, it always ends up the same - we are always together because my parents have taught us "Family is first". We love and care for each other, and I am sure that is where our strength is. As we get ready to leave for Michigan once again, I cannot help but be hopeful as I pray, "God bless me and my family always."

SECOND PLACE
ESSAYS - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

"Should Illegal Drugs Be Legalized?"

Rosa Sandoval

Okeechobee, Florida

Many people think illegal drugs should be legalized. Some of the disadvantages of this would be: many people would start abusing drugs; the government would spend a greater amount of money on society; and there would be an increase of family problems and crimes.

Many people would be using drugs for illegitimate reasons. First, illegal drugs are not cheap, but if the government legalized drugs, the cost of drugs would be less if purchased in stores than on the streets. This would make it easier for young people to get drugs in their possession. Second, a higher percentage of our youth will start using drugs as a result of increased peer pressure among students. Upper class students will convince the poor students that they have to use drugs to fit in. Many adults would also abuse these drugs to get away from the pressures of their lives. Among these groups of adults are parents. If parents are involved, it will increase the use of drugs among their children. The number of mentally retarded children and newborn babies who would already be addicted to these legalized drugs would increase.

The government would be spending more money on the improvement of our decrepit society, due to the legalization of drugs. We would need more jails to hold abusive drug users because of the increase in arrests of people doing illegal acts, while under the influence of drugs. Since more adults would abuse drugs and stop going to work, more money for unemployment would be spent.

Our government would be spending quite a bit of money on alternative schools for young people who decide to use drugs. Lastly, more money would be used for rehabilitation centers due to more people addicted to drugs. The need for treatment centers and specialists would cost our government money.

When people are under the influence of drugs, they have a different perspective on life. This unpredictable perspective helps increase family problems and crime. If duds become legalized, more child abuse will occur. Along with more child abuse, there would be battered spouses and children. It is a proven fact - people who use drugs are aggressive and intolerant with family members and loved ones. With battered spouses, the divorce rate in the United Stated would increase. This would also increase the number of emotionally disturbed children in our country. If drugs are legalized, crime will also increase. Even though drugs would cost less, young children would still steal from their own family to be under the influence of drugs. This would occur so these children could always be part of the popular group. There would also be more murders. When adolescents are under the influence of drugs, they will do anything to get more of what they need. One example is an adolescent who would be willing to kill a salesman who does not agree to sell him any drugs.

There should be a second thought about legalizing illegal drugs. After weighing both the pros and the cons, it is obvious that there are more disadvantages than advantages to legalizing drugs. Legalizing drugs would be a big mistake

THIRD PLACE
ESSAYS - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

(UNTITLED)

JOSE MENDOZA

Silverton, Oregan

Mexican people who are working honestly for this country should not be deported. Deportation of the Mexican worker would mean bad news for the country, especially for California, because without the Mexican worker California would be ruined. Due to the fact that you don't ever see hundreds of whites, blacks or other races working in the fields, breaking their backs to earn a better living than the one they had before.

Also, it's already hard enough to leave everything behind to try and live a better life. Also, once you get through all the hazards of getting over the border line and begin looking for a job the very first thing they will ask for is a green card. This makes a person feel as if you were from outer space.

Mexican people don't come here to stay, or to live off of welfare. They come here to work really hard, earn a living and support their families. I tell you this because I have been through all these things myself. My family is fortunate that we can all be together now, but for three years I didn't have a mom or dad, just our grandparents. The reason is that my mom and dad were in the USA working hard to raise us. Unfortunately I have to say that like the rest of the people us Mexicans are humans, and I realize that there is also a lots of Mexican people who don't deserve to be here. But, isn't that the problem with the whole world?

To rap things up, I think the United States should do more to try and help the Mexican worker from being deported.

FIRST PLACE
ESSAYS - 16 TO 19 YEARS OLD

(UNTITLED)

Francisco Rico

Brandenton, Florida

Mexican immigrants have been migrating to the United States and especially to California for many years. When the U.S. was hit be the depression of the 1920's before the Second World War, California was not spared. When the Great Depression occurred, Mexican immigrants were not blamed for it. Now things have changed in California. Now that it is going through a recession, California blames the Mexican immigrants for having caused it. California also blames Mexican immigrants for causing a huge internal debt. California says the immigrants caused it by draining the welfare system, education system, and criminal justice system. California uses the Mexican immigrants as a scapegoat for all its economic problems. Some people in California wonder if the Mexican immigrants are really the ones to blame for the recession and the huge debt that California carries on its back.

Some people think that the Mexican immigrants are the ones to blame for California's recession, while others think that they aren't. One person in particular who agrees with the first thought is Pete Wilson, California's governor. In fact, he agrees with the first thought so much that he is trying everything in his power to condemn the immigrants so they won't cause any more harm to his state. Pete Wilson has put up bigger and stronger fences, which are what divide California and Mexico, so the Mexicans can't cross the border. He has also tried and maybe already did things like denying Mexican immigrants all possible benefits they could have in California. Some of these benefits are things like food stamps, Medicaid, and free education. He has tried to get the U.S. to make a national identity card so Mexicans can't make fake ones. He has even tried to change the constitution of the U.S. by taking the citizenship from Mexican babies who are born in the U.S.

Then there are other people who think the opposite of what Pete Wilson thinks. They have facts to prove their beliefs are not just racist and prejudice thoughts. Those facts were obtained from research done by people who work in colleges and universities. The facts were that Mexicans or Hispanics were the people least likely, percentage wise, to go on welfare. Those that were on welfare or on other government assisted programs, contributed more to the economy than what they took out. Another fact is that Mexican immigrants have the highest percentage of people working in a household. When Mexican immigrants come to the U.S., they come to work and know little or nothing about benefits that they could obtain in California or in any other part of the U.S. Many of them don't ask for government assistance because they are illegal or have fake I.D.'s and papers. They have fear of getting caught.

These are hard facts and hopefully they will change the minds of some Californians or Americans, who don't have a clear picture of the Mexican immigrants and blame them for things they don't do.

SECOND PLACE
ESSAYS 16 TO 1 YEARS OLD

LIFE IN MEXICO

Geovanni Roberto Pena

Columbus, Nebraska

Approximately four months age I moved with my family from Coahuila Mexico to Nebraska. Coahuila is located nearest to where Mexico borders with the United States. Coahuila Mexico has become a very dangerous place to live. Coahuila wasn't always dangerous. When I was eight years old people in Coahuila lived in peace. In 1985 President Lopez Portillo was assassinated. When Miguel de la Madrid replaced Lopez Portillo the economy of Coahuila declined. All the factories that were doing business in Coahuila were gone. Many of the poor and unemployed could no longer care for their children. Delinquency began to rise and many gangs formed. The police that once kept order in the state robbed and ignored corruption.

When I was ten years old Coahuila was no longer a beautiful and peaceful place to live. There were gangs everywhere. I frequently heard the gangs were armed with weapons and killed and assaulted people. I still didn't realize what was happening. I was still very young yet.

When I was thirteen years old and started going to secondary school I noticed many of the students were carrying knives. The students carried knives as protection from gangs. They were forced to defend themselves against gangs that waited for them outside the schools.

When I was fifteen I attended school dances. The majority of the students wouldn't consider the dance a good time unless there was a fight. Someone had to fight to consider the dance entertaining.

When I was sixteen years old, it was my last year in Mexico. I realized how delicate the situation was in Coahuila. I started preparatory school. Many of the students in school were part of gangs. There were many fights in the school. Carlos Salinas, now the president, has done nothing to solve the problem in Mexico.

This is very wrong, but this is the way of life in Mexico

THIRD PLACE
ESSAYS - 16 TO 19 YEARS OLD

IN SCHOOL

Karina Murillo

Apopka, Florida

Maria is fourteen years old. She has black hair and big brown eyes. When Maria came to the United States she was sad everyday because she didn't have any friends. She wanted to be in Mexico. When she went to school her first day, she cried all day. Everybody was talking in English and she didn't know how to speak English. Maria was very embarrassed because the first week she got some zeros in her classes. Maria started reading books in English and Spanish after school. When Maria learned some basic words, she started asking girls to help her in the classroom. She explained to them that she didn't speak English. All the girls began helping her. Maria started improving her grades, as she was very intelligent. She learned quickly. Now Maria is in another school, but she doesn't have any problems with the language. Now she has a lot of friends. Maria's parents are very proud of her because Maria speaks English very well.

POEMS

FIRST PLACE
POEMS - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

NO PLANTS NO GROWTH

Jeanne Lambert
Ellsworth, Maine

No plants. No growth.
No life. No air. Just scattered bones!
Blackness flooding in the groans.
Yellow clouds and rocks pile up,
Into red volcanoes that erupt.
Pouring forth their hottest steam.
The sun comes in but without its sheen.
The plants are gone and Earth is dead.
That's what happens when life is shed.

SECOND PLACE
POEMS - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

A WALK IN THE WOODS

Kara Gaston

Ellsworth, Maine

Footsteps falling softly,
Not caring where I go.
Not noticing direction,
Just walking through the snow.

Darkness shining on my shoulders,
Moonlight lighting up my path.
Stars shining in the heavens,
Darkness spitting forth the last.

Trees rustling in the darkness.
The sky begins to snow.
I walk through deep, dark gullies,
Where the wind will never blow.

A rustle in the tree tops.
Dark skies begin to shine.
Sunlight has been born unto,
Dark forests were once mine.

THIRD PLACE
POEMS - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

UNOS PENSAMIENTOS MIOS

Eloy G. Chavez Pacheco

Cornelius, Oregon

Me gusta la fresa.

Me gusta el limon.

Pero lo que me gusta mas
es banarme con jabon.

no se pueden congelar.
Dos ositos en el hielo.

Dos amores que se quieran
no se pueden olvidar.

Ay ya chaparita
por tu culpa
vendi mi chamarita.

Me gusta la pepsi.

Me gusta la coka.

Pero lo que mas me gusta
es el sabor de tu boca.

FIRST PLACE
POEMS - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

NIGHTFALL

Brenda Lee Hernandez

Granby, Maine

The trees sway with the rhythmical
beat of the crickets.
The radiant colors of purple, pink, orange,
and blue fill the sky as the sun
disappears.
Like a playful puppy tired after a day
of bouncing and rolling,
The sky takes on a vivid midnight blue.

All morning nocturnal creatures lay to
rest in the heat of the sun.
Then the mysterious night stalkers silently
sneak out,
ready to pounce on their prey.

The insects of the dark are as musical
as a symphony.
The wind chants and the trees dance,
sending ghostly shadows to scare unwanted
intruders.
An owl hoots an alarm that
at any moment, some unlucky rodent
would be his meal.

The shining eyes of wolves glare
through the night;
a warning to any fauna in their path.
A silver crescent in the sky is a
lantern for any human,
who dares disturb the mysteries,
and wonders of .....
Nightfall

SECOND PLACE
POEMS - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

MEMOIRS OF A BRAVE LEADER

Antonio Bradford

Apopka, Florida

There's a brave leader I think you should meet,
His mission was to teach.
He taught African American males about themselves,
He also taught them to get back up if they failed.
But this summer his life was taken, and
The whole world was shaken.
The day he got killed brought doom,
When he got killed on his honeymoon.
Even though he's dead, you can keep his memories alive,
By going as far in life until you touch the sky.
He was a man who didn't keep his thoughts in a bottle,
He spoke out like a true role model.
He was a kind and generous man,
If he saw someone in need he did all he can.
No matter the race or culture,
When you needed help, he never slammed the door.
No matter what the problem was - big or small,
When it comes to him it's no problem at all.
You might not find this guy on a T.V. show,
But he's the author of a great book called *Things You Should Know*.
To introduce him to you people, Sirs and Mams,
His name is Lee Norris Rayam.

Mr. Lee Norris Rayam was someone special.
He had a great talent , and a caring heart.
When I was around him, would picture myself in his shoes.
So I dedicate this poem to the man whom
I looked up to as a role model
And as a "Brave Leader" - Lee Norris Rayam

THIRD PLACE
POEMS - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

THE FAMILY

Liticia Melendez

Keenesburg, Colorado

My family is like a rose
Not just anything.
We are a golden treasure.
All of us with problems, but do not be afraid.
With loneliness, not wickedness.
All of us have a life, and are not hidden.
Never run from your problems,
Because your footprints will be there.
All of us with energy and happiness.
But when you run away you are sad.
When you returned you jumped for joy.
Upon seeing your family you remembered
And said that without your family you would not live.

FIRST PLACE
POEMS - 16 TO 19 YEARS OLD

IDEAS ABOUT US
I AM
Alex Rodas
Apopka, Florida

I am an Aztec warrior,
a warrior who fights with his pen.
I wonder who'll win the war of 1325;
Who will win the war of 1995.
I hear the cry of victory;
I hear the cry of death.
I see the conquest of Mexico;
I see the killing in L.A.
I want for this war to end,
all the gang banging in the U.S.
I am an Aztec warrior,
a warrior who fights with his pen.

I pretend I was the cause of victory,
Pretending the war came to an end.
I feel the bloodthirsty arrows in my hand;
I feel the cold, deadly 9mm in my hand;
I touch the dead bodies on the ground;
the touch of the cold stiffness in my pen.
I worry what will happen to the little warriors,
the little ones who want to be like I once was.
I cry when I see my fellow warriors die,
the ones I grew up with through the "hood".

I am an Aztec warrior,
        a warrior who fights with his pen.
I understand killing is necessary in 1325,
        but why do we make it a way of life in 1995.
I say we must join together,
        we should believe in ourselves.
I dream of the beautiful conquest,
        of peace and happiness on earth.
I try to end this war;
        I try to end it with my pen.
I hope for beautiful peace,
        for my kids to be able to walk the streets safely.
I am an Aztec warrior,
        a warrior who fights with his pen.

SECOND PLACE
POEMS - 16 TO 19 YEARS OLD

MI AMOR

Pedro Lerma

Landis, North Carolina

DEL SIELO
QUALLO UN PANUELO
BORDADO DE MIL COLORES
Y PORDENTRO
DESIA QUARINO DEMIS AMORES!

THIRD PLACE
POEMS - 16 TO 19 YEARS OLD

THE WONDERFUL WORDS

Outh Sananikone
Kansas City, Kansas

Never let a thought shrivel and die
For want of a way to say it,
There always hope to try.

For English is a wonderful game
And all of you can play it,
There is never any reason for shame.

All that you do is match the words
To the brightest thoughts in you head,
So that they come out clear and true
And handsomely groomed and fed --
For many of the loveliest things
Have never yet been said.

Words are the food and dress of thoughts,
They give it its body and swing.

SHORT STORIES

FIRST PLACE
SHORT STORIES - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

"Un Padre"

Daisy Morales

La Joya, Texas

Hace algunas semanas tuue la oportunidad de ver como una pequena, al pretender atravesar la calle' fue atropellada por un auto.

Vi tambien al padre correr desesperado a su lado y tomaria entre sus brazos a la nina agonizante. Alcance a leer en su rostro toda la anqustia y desesperacion que lo poseia. lo unico que pude hacer en ese momento fue orar para que no sucediera nunca mas.

Mi hija tiene seis anos, hoy a empezado a ir a la escuela. Hace un rato hemos estado hablando sobre su nueva experiencia, me conto de la nina que se sienta ojos en la espalda=de los arboles de la escuela y de la nina que no cree en los reyes magos.

Hablamos de muchas cosas, importantisimas todas, pero no hablamos de otras que ella no podria entender tambien como usted, amigo conductor.

Cuando su muneca se rompe, yo puedo arreglarsela: Cuando mi pequena se corta yo puedo curaria...Pero cuando ella empieza a cruzar la calle, senor conductor, entonces....ella esta en manos de usted.

Yo quisiera estar con ella en todo momento, pero es imposible. Debo trabajar para alimentaria, vestiria, e educaria.

Por eso, senor conductor, es que le pido su colabaoracion. Ayudeme a cuidaria. Cuando pase frente a la escuela y en las calles tenga cuidado especial. Y, por favor, recuerde tambien que muchas veces los ninos parecen entre los autos estacionados.

Por favor, no atropelle a mi pequena...con mil gracias por todo lo que queda hacer por ella, quedo de usted muy atentamente.

The Power Within Yourself

Christian Trejo

Tavares, Florida

I was walking along minding my own business and whistling to myself, when something caught my eye. It was an old looking glove with the fingers cut off. I picked it up and put it on. Within a few seconds I was this tall, muscle-bound person with skin of iron and bones of steel. My right hand was one with the glove. It didn't look trashy anymore. It looked as if it was made of titanium. It gave me the strength to move a train with one hundred and one rail cars and enough wits to fool a wizard or a teacher. I was a whole new guy. Before, I had never had any friends, and everybody ignored me. Even the time I saved the principal's pet hamster, nobody paid any attention to me. Now I could save the actual principal from a burning building.

In the next few weeks I was a hero. Nobody knew who I was and I would never tell them. Then one day I bumped into this eerie looking man. I knew he wanted to take my glove, and I knew he knew how to use it.

That same night I had been thinking. I thought and thought and thought, and then it hit me. I had found out how the glove worked. For example, everybody has an inner being deep inside themselves. When you put the glove on, that inner self comes out and you become a whole new person. An example is the person I bumped into. He wanted the glove to corrupt its power into an evil substance and use it to become a criminal with super criminal strength. But, of course, I wouldn't give the glove to him.

In the morning there was a fire on Main Street, and a baby trapped in the burning building. I had to do something fast. I had misplaced my glove. I ran to the burning building as fast as I could and put on a fireman's mask and jacket. I ran up the unstable stairs, grabbed the baby, and ran back down. Just as the building blew up to smithereen, I ran out. They took the baby to intensive care at Waterman Hospital. I knew than that I didn't need a magic glove anymore to be a real hero.

THIRD PLACE
SHORT STORIES 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

PREDATOR

Jamie Jewett

Ellsworth, Maine

It all started up in space when a huge space ship came and split in three. They headed straight for earth and landed in a lake. The lake was in the woods. Meanwhile far in the woods Blane, Poncho, Dutch, Dillin and Billy, the campers were camping at the time. And happened to hear a huge SPLASH! So Blane decided to take a walk towards the lake. When he got to the lake he saw them. Three huge PREDATORS walked up to them and gave them the high five and said "whose the new guy?" "Well come on to the camp. Today is the first day of winter you know." So as they left one HUGH ship CRUSHED the other ships flat as it landed. Meanwhile back at the camp they started to make a new bed for predator number three. It was night time now and the thing that came from the space ship was lurking in the forest. Suddenly a yell for HELP! Predator two woke up. He recognized the yell. It was Poncho. After the yell all was silent except for the rustling of the bushes. In the morning they all got to work but Blane was looking for clues. When he got to the door he saw that the hinges had been sliced and melted back together. Then he looked down. He saw foot prints with spikes all through them. He yelled to Dillin so he came over. "What?" "Look" Blane said. "You want me to follow them?" "If you are willing to. Bye!" said Dillin. As Dillin was walking something swung on a vine. It was like a black flask. It kicked Dillin in the face with spiked boots. There was a yell. Blane heard the yell. Predator two heard the rustling of the leaves. He told Dutch everything he knew. So Dutch decided to go for a walk. Two hours later another yell ***AAAAA***! So this time Billy heard it. He went into the cabin and came out with a lot of hiking gear. Another yell and all was silent.

TO BE CONTINUED!

FIRST PLACE
SHORT STORIES - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

THE SPECIAL SECRET PLACE

Norma Rivera

Burgaw, North Carolina

When Melissa Brokenton was thirteen years old, she moved to Leland, North Carolina because she didn't have any friends. Although North Carolina was beautiful with many places to go, she didn't have anyone to go with. Melissa tried to encourage her mom and step-dad to go back to Florida. After a month had passed Melissa finally had a friend, her name was Erica. Erica was two months older than Melissa, but she was not the same race. It didn't bother them because friendship is not about race, it's about people with good relationships.

After two and a half months, Melissa had many friends, but the most special friend was Erica. Melissa and Erica had many places to visit. Erica showed Melissa the beauties of North Carolina. After three months Melissa and Erica had a very special relationship. They had a special place where they told each other secrets. Melissa was living in a very big house that lead up to the woods. A nature trail behind her house led to their secret place, a very long tree which formed a house. There was a hole in the middle for the girls to get in. They didn't know why it was there, until they discovered that the house had been made by two very special friends. There names were written in the center of the tree, *David and Christina Best Friends Forever 1982.*

In the secret place they talked about other friends they had, people they didn't like, and about their boyfriends. They wrote their names on the tree just like the other friends had, *Erica and Melissa Best Friends Forever 1994.* The tree meant a lot to both of them because they shared their secrets there. They called the tree *The Secret Place* because it was like their home. Melissa and Erica had written letters on the tree because that's the only place where they can write the important dates. On the tree was the date June 22nd, 1994, the date Melissa and Erica became best friends. There were a lot of important dates like when they became best friends, when they had boy friends, or when there was a death or sickness in the family. They always said that their secrets would always be safe because no one can see the tree.

When Melissa was fifteen, they were inseparable. They were like sisters. They went everywhere and enjoyed the beauty of North Carolina. They both went to parties, beaches, parks, and many other beautiful places. At eighteen years old they were still friends. Their friendship was so tight that almost nothing could separate them. They say that the only thing that could separate them was death. They will always be friends forever. When Melissa and Erica graduated from high school, they went to UNCW, to study nursing.

Melissa and Erica now work in a hospital in Texas. They are still friends. They come to see the tree in North Carolina every six months. The tree is just as they left it, and they still write their secrets just as they did when they were young. They haven't forgotten anything about the tree.

SECOND PLACE
SHORT STORIES - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

ACCEPTING

Sandra Toribio

Bradenton, Florida

Sami, Carrie and Trisha were best friends and they were always together. They loved to go to the movies and skating centers together. Wherever there was one of them the other two would be close behind. They trusted each other very much. They even told each other their deepest, darkest secrets. If one of them had a problem, they'd talk it out. They also gave each other advice about friends and boys most of the time.

One day Sami met a girl from Mexico in her homeroom class. The girl's name was Maria. She was really nice, Sami tried to be nice, too. When Sami went to fifth period she saw that Maria was in her class. Everyone was making fun of Maria because of the way she was dressed. They called her ugly names like tomato picker and wetback. Maria began to cry. She got up and tried to leave but a guy who sat by the door tripped her. Sami wanted to go over and see if Maria was okay, but what if the guys started to laugh and make fun of her, too?

When class was over Maria called to Sami, "Wait Sami." But Sami just kept walking, as if she didn't even know Maria. When Sami got home she began to think about Maria and all the things the people told her. Sami felt ashamed of herself, but she couldn't let people think she was Maria's friend because then they'd make fun of her, too. Trisha and Carrie came over. They saw that Sami was upset.

"What's wrong, Sami?" asked Carrie.

"Oh, nothing. It's just that today I met a girl in homeroom. She was really nice and all, but everyone was making fun of her because she was Mexican."

"That's a bummer. I don't understand how people can be so cruel. It doesn't matter what race you are, we're all equal," said Trisha.

"But that's not the worst. In fifth period everyone was making fun of her. Ricky Masters even tripped her as she was walking out. But even worst than that she called out to me to help her and I just ignored her."

"You didn't, Sami. That isn't like you. Why?"

"Trisha, if I would have helped her they would have called me names, too."

"Sami, we are very disappointed in you. You better than anyone should know what it feels like to be made fun of. Do you remember how you would cry and how bad it would hurt when people were talking about you being pregnant?"

"Yes, I remember how much it hurt me. But that's why I didn't want to help her. Maybe they'd start talking about me again."

"Sami, do you remember what we told you?" asked Carrie.

"Yes. People are going to talk about you no matter what. Sometimes it will be nice, but most of the time it's something negative. It shouldn't matter as long as you are happy with yourself," answered Sami.

"That's exactly right. It doesn't matter what people think. We don't judge you by what others are saying. We accept you for you! What would have happened if we hadn't accepted you for you?" added Trisha.

"I don't know Trisha. I'd probably be really depressed."

"Well, I think you shouldn't judge Maria by what others say. Judge her for herself."

"You two are right, I'm going to be there for Maria like you were there for me! Thanks guys, for helping me."

"That's what we're here for," said the two girls giggling.

The next morning in school Sami saw Maria and she ran toward her.

"Maria, I'm sorry for the way I acted. I shouldn't have let the other's influence my decision. Can we be friends?"

"Yeah, of course. I knew you were a good person," said Maria with a smile.

Since then Maria and Sami are really good friends. Maria even goes out with Sami, Trisha and Carrie. They have even set up a committee to make people from other countries feel welcomed.

THIRD PLACE
SHORT STORIES - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

RECORDANDO A MI ABUELITA

Maria Diaz
La Jota, Texas

Hoy que estaba recordando me acorde mi abuelita. Abuelita te recuerdo muy seguido a ti mi linda viejecita. Tu que me diste amor y carino en la vida, para mi fuiste una santita. Desde que era pequena me acuerdo de tus caricias y en tu cara tan hermosa siempre habia una sonrisa que me hacia sentir tan tranquilacomo los mares sin brisa. Tu tenias ese modo yo no se como le hacias y aunque fuimos muchos nietos para todos tiempo tenias, problemas chicos o grandes tu siempre los resolvias. Yo recuerdo que en tu vida llegaron tiempos muy duros y parece que recuerdo te viste en muchos apuros a veces te vi llorando en esos dias tan oscuros pero a pesar de todo nunca te viste rendida. Nunca andabas con coraje siempre te veias tan tanquilar y no te dejaste vencer por los golpes de la vida. Eras dulce en tus caricias y en tus reganos muy firme. Yo se que en esos concejos tu solo querias dedcirme Luisita quiero que estes preparada para el dia en que tenga que irme. Abuelita querida poco tiempo te goce y aunque pasen muchos anos yo jamas te olvidare, y hasta la tumba en mi mente grabada te llevare. Recuerdo cuando te fuiste nos dejaste de repente. Tus nietos siempre sufrimos pues te has ido para siempre pero tu imagen sagrada siempre vivira en mi mente. Abuelita ya te fuistes y jamas regresaras yo que estas en el cielo y ahi nos esperaras, le pido a Dios cuando muera me lleve a donde tus estas. Cuando voy a tu sepulcro me arrodillo a rezar, hay veces que te miro y tambien te oigo hablar de nuncrepente te imagino que has vuelto a resucitar, yo se que es imposible pues son cosas que imagino, sera por tantos deseos de volver con tigo y que vuelvas a mi lado para que me digas mi linda bebita. Estos recurdos que tengoa los olvidare porque los llevo muy adentro y siempre los guardare, son recuerdos de mi abuelita a quien tanto adore.

"Abuelita me haces mucha falta."

FIRST PLACE
SHORT STORIES - 16 TO 19 YEAR OLDS

My Escape

Soutsada Khounvongsa

Kansas City, Kansas

It was a dark moonless night with no wind and so quiet that not even a rustle of a bird could be heard. I sneaked across my fiancé's house, to whom I was betrothed by our parents since we were in our mothers' wombs. I went to the river, swam across to the other side, and ran into the woods. I sat under a big tree and leaned my back against the tree, feeling happy and relieved to get away from that place, where I would have to marry my fiancé sooner or later. He was so annoying to me that sometimes I thought of him as my rival.

In early morning of the next day it was cold. I curled myself up like a wolly-polly. I opened my eyes suddenly when a drip of morning dew fell onto my lip. I thought something terrible was happening to me for running away. Then I realized it was just a morning dew.

When I had awoken, I started to hide myself so no one could catch me for crossing to other side without permission. I had hidden from the soldiers until I got to the train station. I rode the train to my brother in Thailand. When I met him, I could hardly recognize him. He looked to be a totally different person. He was skinny and darker than before. He was not the only one who looked different to me. As I gazed around I saw many ethnic diversities.

My brother took me home with him. I explained everything to him why I had come to him. He understood me because he doesn't want me to do things I don't want to do. He was of great moral character. He took me to an office where I could secretly make a counterfeit card to stay in Thailand with him. He said I needed to have a card so that I wouldn't be banished. In that card, it said something about me being an immigrant of Thailand.

couple of weeks later, my brother and I planned to take a trip to a local isle. But, he said, only if the weather is good then we'll go. He told me to watch the weather carefully and inform him of what it would dictate. I watched the news and the weather with great anticipation. It was going to be a beautiful warm, dry, mild and sunny day. We looked at each other and smiled. We hide away, never to be found by my fiancé again.

SECOND PLACE
SHORT STORIES 16 TO 19 YEAR OLDS

(UNTITLED)

Reyna Rangel
Winter Garden, Florida

Max stood on bony legs on top of the tall gray filing cabinet listening while the two old men talked. After Mr. Woodfield left, Max started buzzing around bugging the boss. The gigantic, buzzing fly did annoy and irritate the despondent old man. Misjudging the distance, the old man hit the wall. The intrepid fly crashed into the sticky ink. Seeing something squirming, the old man watched tiny legs and little wings trying and struggling to free the rest of the body. Tiny as the fly may look he was courageous, innocuous and smart. Barely being able to free himself, he sees another huge ink drop descending upon him. Struggling for freedom he hurts his legs. His legs fell on the paper with a silent bang announcing his giving up. Watching another black drop of ink make a heavy splash on top of him, he knew he was dead momentarily. The old, cruel man sat in his chair looking at the poor, innocent fly die like it was nothing.

THIRD PLACE
SHORT STORIES - 16 TO 19 YEAR OLDS

A Day to Remember.....

B. J. Doolittle

Paisley, Oregan

Each morning at the break of dawn, dad and I would walk down to the old round corral to round up a few horses to gather the cows with for the day. As we would approach the barnyard we could feel the chill of the cold air and could see the heavy frost that lay upon the ground. Nothing could be heard for miles, except for the horses running around the corral.

Dad always seemed to send me to the barn to grab the ropes while he settled the horses down . When I got back, he would be leaning up against the fence, smiling as if he had just ridden the rankest, toughest, horse in the world. Each of us would grab one of the braided ropes and start swinging it above our heads. As we swung, the horses would run circles around us. You could see the steam rising up off of their backs as they ran.

Dad somehow was always the first one to rope himself a horse. He usually would have to end up roping one for me, also. I usually got stuck with riding the old bay horse, which was about seven years old. Dad always rode the Appaloosa, which was my favorite horse of the herd.

After we roped the horses we would ride them into the barn, where we would saddle them up. I had been riding horses ever since I was about five, so I knew how to saddle them up and make sure that the saddle was cinched up tight enough so that I wouldn't fall off. The best part about taking off on the horses was the thrill of knowing you could gallop out through the fields, where the grass is so tall that you can barely be seen.

Gathering the cows usually took all day long, from dawn to dusk. I always enjoyed riding with dad, as we were best friends. Each night he would tell me how well I did and then we would get ready for another ride the next day.

Third Annual

Richard A. Bove Migrant Students' Writers and Poets Festival

MIGRANT CHILDREN
WE ARE THE HARVEST

March 1996

KCUX0601

This is the third year of the ***Richard A. Bove Migrant Students' Poets and Writers Festival*** as a national activity sponsored by the **Richard A. Bove Memorial Fund for Migrant Children.**

The memorial Fund was established in Richard's memory to celebrate his love of writing and his life long love of and devotion to the migrant children o the harvesters of our fields.

The Richard A. Bove Memorial Fund Committee extends their sincere thanks and appreciation to all the students who submitted entries, and to their teachers and families who so capably assisted them.

This publication gives special recognition to the twenty-five winners in all categories as selected by a national group of judges with expertise in education, language, writing, evaluation and experience with migrant education programs.

It is the intention of these activities to encourage and reward the students' creativity, give them an avenue for expression, and assist them in developing the skills needed to share their valuable thoughts and ideas in writing.

I would like to personally thank the judges, contributing members of the committee and friends who so willingly gave of their talents and time. A very special recognition and thanks goes to Patricia A. Ward for her dedication to this program.

With Love to All,
Beverly A. Norton Bove
President

Table of Contents

Essays

The Letter 1
Jesus Alonzo

Mi Vida en la Escuela 2
Luis Calderon

En Mexico 3
Rodimiro Banveloz

Mis Sentimientos 4
Adolfo Soto

Untitled 5
Gustavo Ramirez

Estado de Chihuahua México 7
Gabriel Filogonio Ruiz

Life 8
Everardo Roman

The Dollmaker 10
Roman Cruz

Untitled 12
Sulma Medina

Poems

El agua clara como el alma 15
Faustino Gonzales

Turtle 17
Joe Lanbert

Mi Rosa Blanca 18
Yesenia Venega

Selena 19
Rosa Ramirez

Mirror 20
Jesus Sanchez

Mi Desuelo Con la Luna 21
Luis Gomez

The Death of Love 22
Lucius Nelson

Ripening 24
Tom Ripley

You Know? 25
Fabricio Beltran

Short Stories

Untitled 27
Joel Lopez

Untitled 29
Miriam Diaz

The Legend of the Horse Born to Run 31
Cassie Trust

Trabajando con Mi Familia 33
Martha Leal

Untitled 35
Walteria Tucker

Un Ano Muy Importante 38
Rosaura Martinez

Gregor 40
Reyna Rangel

ESSAYS

FIRST PLACE
ESSAYS - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

The Letter

Jesus Alonzo

West Palm Beach, Florida

My father is in Mexico taking care of his store. The only thing I would like in the whole wide world is to see my dad. It is almost a year that he has been in Mexico. Everyday I send him a letter, but the one that I liked the most is when he said that he was coming in December. That made me the happiest boy on Earth. Do you know what else he said? It was when he said that he was buying a new Sega just for me. The Sega doesn't really matter, but my dad does.

SECOND PLACE
ESSAYS - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

Mi Vida en la Escuela

Luis Calderon
Forest Grove, Oregon

Esta es mi vida. Yo juego futbol. Me gusta porque yo meto muchos goles y me dieverto mucho.

Tengo un amigo que se llama, Sergio, que juega conmigo. Es bueno para jugar el Futbol.

Lo que me molesta es que en veces me castigan porque me porto mal cuando juego. Me meten y me sacan, me meten y me sacan del juego.

THIRD PLACE
ESSAYS - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

En Mexico

Rodimiro Banveloz

Cornelius, Oregon

Yo vivía en Mexico. Teníamos unos perros. Uno se llamaba Rambo y la otra se llamaba Lambada.

Siempre Papa y yo ibamos a buscar nanchiles. Nanchiles son una fruta muy deliciosa y mi favorita.

Una vez ladravan los perros y fuimos a ver porque ladravan. Tenia una bivora y se la estaban comiendo. Me dio mucho miedo de ver que la mataron y que se la comieron.

Esta es una aventura mia de cuando vivía en Mexico y que vieron mis ojos.

FIRST PLACE
ESSAYS - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

Mis Sentimientos

Adolfo Soto
Molalla, Oregon

Es raro encontrar una persona quien no solo te acepte por lo que eres. Si no que tambien te haga sentir bien estando solo. Es por eso que quiero agradecerte por ayudarme a encontrar esa mejor parte de quien soy y por permitirme compartirlo contigo, aprecio tu amor, tu sabiduria pero sobre todo tu comprencion. Te prometo compartir contigo mis esperanzas mis pensamientos y mis suenos tambien te prometo atesorar la maravillosidad de singular persona que eres. Quiero decirte que cuando estamos juntos nada se ve imposible siento que puedo tocar las estrellas sueno que tu y yo somos los dos aquellos primeros seres humanos que dios hizo. Por eso quiero continuar por el hermoso camino de la vida contigo, porque fue descubierto que tu eres el motivo de mis triunfos de mi felicidad y de todo lo bueno que la vida me ha dado.

Ven para construir una vida juntos convertirnos en un mismo ser ven vamos a dejar florecer nuestra vida para siempre enlazando nuestro amor trajendonos siempre juntos. Vamos crear un hogar que exprese nuestros sentimientos y nuestro amor uno al otro podria ser un hogar lleno de paz alegria, felicidad y amor.

SECOND PLACE
ESSAYS - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

Untitled

Gustavo Ramirez
Columbus, Nebraska

Cuando nos venimos de California el viernes por la noche. No dormimos por toda la noche porque estubimos enpacando la ropa y otras cosas mas y a las doce de la noche acabamos y todos nuestros amigos estaban hay y a las doce y media de la madrugada. Fuimos atraer a mi tio que venia de Nebraska y despues ala una de la manana empezamos el viaje entonces ibamos para Oakland, California, pero la caretera estaba cerrada nos fuimos para San Francisco y despues pasamos el Golden Gate Bridge.

Despues que pasamos el puente mi tio separo y sebajo a poner gasolina al carro y despues nos fuimos para Sacramento y hay nos bajamos todos y fuimos al bano, y mi tio fue aecharle gasolina al carro y compramos un seis de coca-cola. Despues nos fuimos toda la noche hasta las seis de la manana y vamos por Reno, Nevada habia un poco de llelo en la tierra y mi tio ciguio manejando.

Estaba muy caliente el dia y hasta que llego la noche otrabes y mi tio no queria dormir pero mi mama ledijo que seveia cansado y mejor que descansara y el dijo que si que seiba aparar por ahy y se paro donde separan los trailes. Amanesio eran las seis de la manana empesamos otra ves y asis mucho frio y comparamos unos sandwiches para el camime y despues llegamos a Nebraska Schuyler e van como 6:30 p.m. mi tio te queir a trabajar el lunes.

THIRD PLACE
ESSAYS - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

Estado de Chihuahua México

Gabriel Filogonio Ruiz
Columbus, Nebraska

En el estado de Chihuahua se produce la agricultura y la ganaderia. En algunas partes de Chihuahua no tiénen suficientes recursos, unos actualmente todavia siembran con burros y mulas. También tiénen el problema de la escases del agua, ya que no tiénen la suficiente maquinaria para hacer presas o perforar pozos para poner su propio riego, esperan el agua del cielo. Por ejemplo en estos ultimos años en el tiempo de las siembras no a llovido. Por la causa de escases del agua muere mucho ganado, ya que si no llueve no nace el pasto, y si no hay pasto los animales se mueren por falta de comida. Ya que los rancheros no se encuentran con la suficiente situación económica para comprar el alimento de los animales. Y si no hay nada en el campo la gente empieza a emigrar a la ciudad donde tampoci hay suficientes industrias que puedan darle mantenimiento a la poblacion y por esa rasón en ocasiones tìenen que abandonar su pais en busca de un futuro mejor.

FIRST PLACE
ESSAYS - 16 TO 19 YEARS OLD

Life

Everardo Roman
Apopka, Florida

How would you feel if you could watch a movie of your life? Breathe deeply and think about it. Imagine yourself in a theater, you are going to watch a movie and the movie's title has your name engraved. Probably you would feel embarrassed, but if this could happen to you, this could be the only chance you may have to see the mistakes you have done and to analyze the meaning of the following sentences: learn from the past, plan for the future, and seize today.

Learn from the past. This is such a meaningful sentence. Sometimes in our lives we have hard times dealing with all kinds of matters because of our mistakes. But we learn from what we did wrong in the past. Also, we become more careful when we already know the consequences of doing a wrong thing. Since we know it can be harmful to ourselves, we will not commit the same mistake twice. If we could not learn from the past, we would not be where we are now.

Plan for the future. Everybody has dreams for their future, and everybody is able to make them come true. If we work hard by putting effort, dedication, interest, and time toward our goals, we will accomplish anything we want. Our future is extremely important, it depends on ourselves. We are responsible for our future, it is in our hands to make the right choices. Anything is possible to accomplish when you really want to go for it.

Seize today. It means act now. Whatever your goal is, you should start to accomplish it right away. Many goals are difficult to reach, and sometimes you will probably think of giving it up ...but the reward of your effort will come later. Remember, we pass through this life once, Let's do it right, let's do it now!

Life may be synthesized in three simple, but meaningful sentences: Learn from the past; Plan for the future; Seize today. The main idea is to analyze what we really want to do with our lives in the future. Life is choices, let's choose the right ones. If our minds can conceive it, then our hearts can achieve it.

SECOND PLACE
ESSAYS - 16 TO 19 YEARS OLD

The Dollmaker

Roman Cruz
Apopka, Florida

There are a lot of different reasons that make people move from their hometown to another place. Some of them are because they are having economic problems and they want to try different opportunities. The setting, characterization, and conflict in the movie of The Dollmaker relates some things that make people move from their original houses.

There was a real poor family that used to live on a farm in Kentucky. The year was 1944, and they had only two different profits coming in to their house. The first one was the money they all could get form working their farm, and the other one was the one from Gertie, who used to make dolls out of wood. She also used to collaborate with her family by working on their farm. Her family knew that those profits were not enough and one day Clovis decided to move to Detroit so that he could earn some more money and give his family a better life style.

They were a real poor family, and they used to work as much as they could because they wanted and needed the money. They were humble and uneducated. None of their kids used to go to school until they moved to Detroit, following Clovis. They found better life in Detroit. They had better commodities and a better house, but unfortunately, they also found the death of one of their kids, Cassie. She had an imaginary friend and her name was Callie Lou. The reason of her death was because her parents didn't want her to keep thinking that she had that imaginary friend, so she just got mad and went on talking with Callie Lou. That day she sat down on a railroad track, and a train started to move. The train cut her legs; her mother took her to the closest clinic there was, but she died.

Clovis was earning good money until there was a strike in his workplace because of the WWII. He started to earn less money than he had been earning, and Gertie was saving as much as she could, because she wanted to buy a truck for Clovis. That was something that Clovis always wanted.

Sometimes when people move from one place to another looking for better opportunities, there are a lot of things that ensue real good or real bad. In this case Gertie's family found a better life, but at the same time found Cassie's death.

THIRD PLACE
ESSAYS - 16 TO 19 YEARS OLD

Untitled

Sulma Medina
Canal Point, Florida

When I came to America, my first glimpse of the "Land of Opportunities" was through the eyes f a six year old. My father brought my mother and I to America, with the intention of giving us a better life and me a better education. Of course for me this wasn't apparent. I had never seen my father before, except in pictures. He was a stranger to me, and instantly I disliked him because he had taken me away from my grandparents, my friends - my real family, and had brought me to this strange place that was unfamiliar and alien to me.

After a couple of weeks I was entered into the American school system. Speaking not a word of English, I couldn't make friends as easily, so I ended up alone most of the time. However, I wasn't the only one that was experiencing problems adjusting. At home my parents were going through more serious dilemmas than I could comprehend at that age. The weight of despair often put my parents under stress, causing a barrier of restrained silence to form between them. At times I could sense their hopelessness, which was never verbally revealed to me because that would mean their purpose in America had failed. Tensions got so bad that trivial things would break the silence into loud arguments filled with screaming and fighting. With no one to run to, I comforted myself and hoped things would get better. As a child I didn't fully understand why things were the way they were, but I understood their outcomes. It meant that my father wouldn't come home that night, and that my mother would be up all night worrying, blaming, and making empty promises to herself. This type of scenario became everyday to me, after a while it almost became routine.

As I grew in America so did my family. My parents had four more children so things didn't get any easier at home. In fact all I saw of my father now was when he left for work and when he returned home - filthy, exhausted, and despondent. My mother was always tied up with housework, so I busied myself by reading. That's where my love of books stems from. They took me away from the harsh injustices of reality and put me in a fantasy world that was so unique and ever changing, but most of all perfect. I became a dreamer. I envisioned myself as the one who was going to pull my parents out of the poverty filled vacuum their lives were trapped in.

From then on I made academics the most important aspect of my life. With the help of my parent through lectures on the importance of education, the evils of ignorance, and the labors of hard work, I put all of my energies into becoming the best student my potential would allow. I became determined to excel in life and prove to my parents, especially my father that one can succeed in America.

Now that I am a high school senior and about to graduate, as I look back on my life I can truthfully say that my hardships were worth it. Even though there were times I was so down that I just wanted to end it all, I found strength in my despair. The fact that I had to learn to be independent at such a young age helped me become a more focused and mature person. These traits are what molded me into the person I am today. From the position of a non-English speaking, culturally misplaced child, I have achieved the rank of number one in my class, I am a writer for our school and local newspaper, winner of numerous writing awards, Vice President of Student Council, Secretary of the National Honor Society, member of the community service club, National Kitty Hawk Air Society, R.O.T.C. Drill Team, yearbook staff, and Corps Commander of the R.O.T.C. Program at my school.

What I look forward to accomplishing now, is winning a scholarship to a top University, and ultimately to repay my parents, who without their sacrifices I would not be where I am today.

POEMS

FIRST PLACE
POEMS - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

El agua clara como el alma

Faustino Gonzales
Springville, Vermont

El alma puede ser tan blanca como la misma agua, pero es dificil pero si nos hacemos el proposito de hacerlo lo podemos lograr aunque el alma se puede manchar tan facilmente como el agua, pero si mantenemos el agua corriendo en el río por donde siempre ha corrido libremente se conservaría siempre cristalina.

Asi tambien el alma si la llevamos por el buen camino no podría mancharse; porque como el agua si le ponen los desperdicios de alguna fabrica ya no sería clara y binita en su recorrido por ese tan lindo río por el cual por tanto tiempo fue divina y nunca había sido detrosads tal despiadadamente como lo fue ahora por alguien o algunos que no tienen corazón porque no pensaron en el daño que le estaban haciendo a ese tan claro, belo y tan divino y no insolito.

Asi tambien el alma también puede ser muy dañada y lastimada por algunas personas sin sentimientos que los hacen que vayan por el mal camino y así ellos puedan degar de seguir con el alma tan limpia, pero esto siempre lo va a ver por que personas interesadas de lo malo en todo momento lo habrà esa es la verdad en esta vida en el mundo entero y en cualquier parte.

Dedicado especialmente a las buenas personas del mundo y también cuidense de los malos pasos Amigos.

SECOND PLACE
POEMS - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

Turtle

Joe Lanbert
Mariaville, Maine

This ancient noble creature
Has but one bad feature.
Speed has denied it.
Slowness will guide it,
with a hard shell and four short legs.
He carries a home like chicks in their eggs.

THIRD PLACE
POEMS - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

Mi Rosa Blanca

Yesenia Venega
Cornelius, Oregon

Cultivo una rosa blanca
en junio como en enero,
pero el amor sincero
que me da su mano franca
es más rara que mi rosa blanca.

FIRST PLACE
POEMS - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

Selena

Rosa Ramirez
Mission, Texas

S Saldivar broke our hearts, and ended
Selena's life.

E Even if Selena is not with us, her songs will
always be remembered in our lives.

L Life. That was the judge's decision. To
decide for Yolanda Saldivar to stay in prison
for the rest of her life.

E Each person will remember Selena as an
innocent star that didn't know that bad
people were living around her.

N Nobody will be as Selena was because
Selena was a unique person.

A A star that will always burn bright in our
hearts.

SECOND PLACE
POEMS - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

Mirror

Jesus Sanchez
Lantana, Florida

Mirror Mirror
on the wall
Why do you reflect it all
But only what you see out side
for he inside you can never show
You show the Beauty of a face
But never it's emotions or it's grace
Mirror mirror on the wall
I wish you could reflect it all
To see the weakling within me
or the Hero and set it free
To see a blackened heart or a
golden one full of art
for now I see out side But
maybe some day I'll be able to take
a peak inside
maybe I will see it with out you But until
that day I see it All I will keep you
Hanging on my wall

THIRD PLACE
POEMS - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

Mi Desuelo Con la Luna

Luis Gomez
Payson, Utah

Anoche solo en mi cuarto me pose a considerar cuantas cosas he vivido ahun a mi corta edad al mirar cerca la luna con ella me pose a hablar le couté de mi fortuna de tener papá y mamá, creo que se poso celosa y yo le doy la razón; ella no posee una cosa y en mi vida tantas son, supe que su gran deseo es tener el amor del sol. Yo le dije: amiga mía, tu no debes de sufrir, no sabes de tanta gente que peudiente están de ti? Ella me miró cohibida, mi vos sonó picaresca si cada vez que tu sales todo mundo te hace fiesta se oye tu nombre en poemas o en una linda canción y quién no recuerda la luna con su primer gran amor. Hablamos de tantas cosas; el tiempo pronto pasó ella se miraba hermosa yo no miraba el reloj, pero el sueño me venció por eso le dije adiós yo no contaba con eso, su cara se entristeció asi que abri la ventana y después de tirarle un beso, le dije: ...te veo mañana.

Fue una noche inolvidable como no tuve ninguna por eso quise contarles, mi desuelo con la lunar.

FIRST PLACE
POEMS - 16 TO 19 YEARS OLD

The Death of Love

Lucius Nelson
Apopka, Florida

Like the forbidden breeze from the raven's wing;
Heartache will be felt and the pain that it brings.
The soul is left wounded and dying,
the heart shuts its doors...there's such soft crying.

What happens is this; in case you do not know...
When you betrayed my love; it was a fatal blow.
If I could only catch my breath, "Mind be clear,"
Try to understand, I've lost all that's dear.
The pain's so physical; it cripples my soul,
Like a wounded animal, I seek a dark hole.
A place to forget, and no longer feel;
A place for broken spirits and souls to heal.
Not to think, not to need, just close the eye's door.
You were my breath, the breeze in my soul;
You were the reason I was in Control.
Oh gone are the dreams, the hopes, and the pride;
Leaving only a shadow of a tear someone cried.

Oh, to lie dormant as the leaves in the snow...
Not to feel eve the winter's harsh cold.
To awake in the spring, all fresh and new,
Not sad and gloomy...Cry for you.
To be light as the spring and free as the breeze,

To dance, and laugh, and once again tease.
To live and love and heal my soul.
To once again like you were here,
Have my life in Control.

SECOND PLACE
POEMS - 16 TO 19 YEARS OLD

Ripening

Tom Ripley
Eastport, Maine

I ate a peach once.
Didn't taste as sweet as I thought it would,
wasn't so ripe, so juicy.
Heard it would be better.
So I tried another peach.
Guess it's an acquired taste --
-- maybe there is a certain way
to eat it.
You know,
to get the most out of it.

With more peaches
came more sweetness.
They began tasting better.
I grew to crave peaches,
all
I could get.

THIRD PLACE
POEMS - 16 TO 19 YEARS OLD

You Know?

Fabricio Beltran
Reading, Pennsylvania

You Know? The other day, I found myself crying,
missing your kisses, wanting you to
squeeze me again between your arms.

You know? I cried because with you, I shared
too many jokes, illusions, pranks
and something more...I shared your tears.

I had you between my arms, like a
little girl, but also I protected you,
like a man can do.

You know? The sun was high in the sky
and the tears went down all my face.
I felt like a fool crying for you.

And although our's was nothing but
a goodbye from love and a step to friendship,
I'm still loving you.

Like I did love you in the stones or in the grass,
like I kissed you under the moon or the sun,
like I took the hand that You were offering me.

You know? I think that had been wonderful
to have you like this; near to me, joined together;
but it was an illusion, and only that.

The other day I awoke, when your words
of love, flew on the wind like any free
dove could do.

I awoke and that illusion left me,
like the waves which crash on the sand
leaving, like only I have,
a trail of foam.

Stay! -You said- I will not leave.
So here I am, discovering that it was just
a false and vain hope of love.

And now, if your heart does not beat anymore for
me, mine is continuing and repeating:
"I love you, I love you in spite of everything."

For that, because I am still loving you,
you know?, I found myself crying
for you this afternoon.

SHORT STORIES

FIRST PLACE
SHORT STORIES - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

Untitled

Joel Lopez
Logan, Utah

There once was a tiger who was always sad. No one knew why. But he was the fastest tiger on the Earth. He liked to chase deer and other fast animals.

One day an old man was in trouble and the tiger saved the man just in time. The man said, "What do you wish for more than anything in the world?" "Well," said the tiger, "I wish I had a skinny body, so I could run faster."

So the man did as the tiger asked. Soon the tiger was running wild. Then he found out that his head was too large, so he went back to the old man and asked, "Old man, can you make my head smaller?"

The old man said, "Very well." And then he was happy, but not for long. Soon he found his legs were so long that they did not let him eat. Once more he went back to the old man.

"Old man, please can you shorten my legs?" The tiger asked.

"Very well, on one condition," he said. I must take your stripes and leave spots." So the tiger agreed on this deal. And so it was done. And now we know this animal as a cheetah.

SECOND PLACE
SHORT STORIES - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

Untitled

Miriam Diaz
Clearfield, Utah

Once upon a time there was a mother rat who had just had seven babies. Now one of the rats was a mouse, but not just any mouse an ugly mouse. The mother rat didn't want to keep the ugly mouse so one day she said to her boys and girls, "Let's go to the store." All the kids said "Yes mother." Then the mother said to the ugly mouse, "You stay here and take care of the house for me." The ugly mouse said, "Yes mother I will." Then the mother said, "Let's go." But the mother wasn't going to the store. She was going to build a new house away from the ugly mouse. Meanwhile back at the house the ugly mouse was cleaning so he could keep himself busy. Later that day he saw a pack of mice that had bright white on them and black spots. The ugly mouse asked them if they saw his mother. The mice said, "Sorry we haven't." So the ugly mouse went to look for them because all day long he waited for his family and they didn't come. He felt so sad that he started to cry. I miss my family. Then he saw something behind a bunch of trees and bushes and plants so he went behind them too. There was his family working like crazy. He went to ask his mother what they were doing, but just then he heard his mother say that ugly mouse is not my son. Just then he looked at himself and said, "I'm not ugly people may think so, but to me I'm pretty so I don't care what people think." What he saw was a very pretty bright white and very bright black. Then he remembered the mice he saw the day his mother told him to stay and take care of the house. I should go look for them, but then he saw the mice that were by the house that day. He said to them that they knew him already and that his mother was at her house and she missed him very much. She wants to see you again. So please come home soon for your mother at least. So soon he saw his mother and lived with her for a very long time. Until he was old enough to live by himself. Then he got married and had six children. Then after that he went to see his stepmother. His stepmother said that he was not ugly after all and that she is sorry for being so rude to him when he was littler and that if it's alright if he forgives her for what she did. The ugly mouse said, "I forgive you stepmother." That way everything was alright with everyone and that way nothing rude was between them.

THIRD PLACE
SHORT STORIES - 8 TO 11 YEARS OLD

The Legend of the Horse Born to Run

Cassie Trust

One day in July, I was in my house reading a book. It was a chapter book. After I finished my chapter book I went out in my field I owned. Then I heard a loud neigh. It was a wild black stallion neighing in my field! I told my mother all about it at supper time. She told me the horse I saw was in the news! I could not believe that he was in the news! The horse was there yesterday too! The next day there was another show in the news about the black stallion. The news said the black stallion was captured. If anyone can train him they can keep him! I have 200 dollars! The next day the stallion was sold. I saw him get sold. I wish I had enough money. Two weeks later the news said the person who bought the stallion trained the stallion. The person was selling him for 200 dollars! I asked my mother if I could buy him. My mom said, "If you have 200 dollars you can buy him." "I do," I said. She told me to call the person who owned him. The next day they brought the stallion to me.

One day I was riding the stallion and a crow spooked him. He reared up on me. I fell off the stallion and I yelled for help. My mother came. The stallion ran up to me and nudged his nose on my chest. The next day I felt better. Five weeks later I was in a horse show. I won first place in the obstacle course. Then it was time to name him. I said out loud... "his name will be Wildfire."

FIRST PLACE
SHORT STORIES - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

Trabajando con Mi Familia

Martha Leal

Penitas, Texas

Una de las maneras mas dificiles de sobre vivir en los Estados Unidos es trabajando en las labores del campo. Personalmente, creo que trabajar horas en el sol, levantando el algodón me ha ensenado ha estudiar mas duro cuando regreso a mi lugar de orgin, La Joya, Texas.

Por muchos años mi familia y yo hemos viajado a Lubbock, Texas. Partimos durante el verano y nos hemos dedicado a cortar la cosecha del algodón. Junto con mis hermanos, papá y yo, cortamos la hierba como la santapera, que crece alrededor de la cosecha del algodón. Durante arduas horas de trabajo, nosotros tabajamos aproximadamente sesenta horas por semana en dos meses. Todo esto hace que pierda de peso y me agote durante todo el verano.

Eventualmente, con todas estas experiencias tanto para mis hermanos, como para mi nos hemos puesto a pensar que si tratamos de superarnos en la escuela no tuvieramos que viajar cada verano a trabajar en el sol y realmente educandonos tuvieramos la alternativa de escoger lo que mejor fuera para nosotros.

En conclusión, trabajar por largas horas en el sol me ha hecho pensar que estudiar y terminar una carrera me daría la oportunidad de ayudar a mi familia y superarme yo misma a ser mejor. El trabajo en las labores de cocechos es difícil, pero sería mas difícil tener que hacerlo toda la vida.

SECOND PLACE
SHORT STORIES - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

Untitled

Walteria Tucker
Belle Glade, Florida

Dreadful, interminable, lackluster, and altogether annoying; family meetings in a nutshell. Lake family meetings were very uncommon, usually bearers of bad news. As the small family of three gathered in Mr. and Mrs. Lake's bedroom, a sadness immersed their countenances. Gina Lake, the one and only child was about to find out the most terrifying news, she'd ever witnessed.

"Gina, for days your father and I have tried to tell you tha..."

"Tell me what mom?", Gina interrupted.

"Well, baby your father is very ill...".

"Momma, what's wrong?", Gina again interrupted.

"Gin, what mom's trying to tell you is that I have cancer.", Mr. Lake replied.

That was it. For a few seconds a hush fell over the room and the three hung onto Mr. Lake's reply.

"Can I go now?", Gina anxiously asked.

Being an eleven year old girl, Gina was too naive and preoccupied with playing house to even understand the intense situation at hand. With her parents' consent, Gina hurriedly left the bedroom and her melancholy parents. They knew that Gina didn't understand, but failed to explain, for all parents hate to see their children cry.

Never before had Gina been exposed to bad things. She literally wasn't even allowed to see the world around her in its entirety. She'd never seen poverty, sickness, crime, or death, but she lived in "Beaver Cleaver" state of mind where everything was perfect.

Shortly after that dreadful, family meeting the Lake family went through a period of great change. Mr. Lake's condition was growing worse and he traveled to many doctors daily. It appeared that the cancerous tumors in his system were rapidly multiplying. He was given chemotherapy, to terminate the tumors, but it was terminating more than tumors, vital organs also.

Just before he was hospitalized Mr. Lake talked to Gina, you know those "heartwarming" father daughter talks.

"Gina, I know you are very young and you don't understand what's going on with my health. Some days I'm sick other I'm just fine. It's all very confusing, but I want you to remember this, no matter what happens I love you and I'll never leave you.", Mr. Lake said with tears running down his face.

Gina gave her father a big hug, the two held each other and cried softly. In Gina's heart she held onto her father's words and replayed them continuously in her mind; not knowing that it was the last time she'd see her father alive.

He died late that night in his sleep. For Gina and her mother it seemed as if time stood still and for days they wept and sobbed till they became sick.

In the deepest darkest portals of her soul, Gina felt a hollow. Without her father apart of her soul had disappeared.

"He said, he'd never leave me, no matter what."

THIRD PLACE
SHORT STORIES - 12 TO 15 YEARS OLD

Un Ano Muy Importante

Rosaura Martinez
La Joya, Texas

Este ano ha sido uno de los mas importantes de mi vida porque he aprendido a valorar mas la vida con el esfuerzo del trabajo. Por primera vez he tenido que viajar a la cuidad de Arkansas a trabajar con mi familia para regresar a nuestro lugar de origen durante el otono.

Para principiar, llego la hora de partida. Salimos a las seis de la manana de Mexico y llegamos a Arkansas en la madrugada. Al llegar no tardamos en encontrar a mi tio y una casa para nosotros. Por fin llego el dia de ir a trabajar, y yo la verdad tenia miedo de no saber hacer el trabajo de la labor. El primer dia fue divertido porque yo nunca habia agarrado un hazadon en mis manos, pero no batalle para aprender. Los dias pasaron y pasaron y todo era trabajar y trabjar de sol a sol hasta que adelgaze mucho por las altas temperaturas que habia. Algunas veces pasaban de los cien grados de alto calor. Realmente era mucho el esfuerzo de todos tanto para mi familia como para mi ganarnos el sueldo que nos estaban pagando.

Durante todo este tiempo despues de nuestro regreso, la experiencia de trabajar a mi corta edad me ha hecho reflexionar algo muy importante. He aprendido a valorar las oportunidades que nos da la vida, vomo estudiar para poder llegar a ser alguien importante, y asi sentir que mi familia este, orguillosa de todo lo que llegar a lograr.

Por esta razon, he analizado que si yo me superara en este vida ya no tendria que irme lejos a sufrir trabajando, y a la vez podria ayudar a mi familia que es lo que mas deseo.

FIRST PLACE
SHORT STORIES - 16 TO 19 YEARS OLD

Gregor

Reyna Rangel
Ocoee, Florida

At first Gregor's family members were terrified but at the same time they wanted to help him. His sister would take him food to choose from: milk, vegetables, stale bread, muffins, and fruits. His mother was worried about him, she did not see him, but she cried for him. They felt that it was just a phase or a special illness and that it would pass and everything would return to normal. He would go on supporting them and they could continue their lives of ease.

His father did not like the idea of having Gregor as a bug in the flat. Never did anyone call him by his name, Gregor. As time went by, the family still took care of Gregor, but did not pay as much attention to his care as before. They had to work. His sister, a spoiled child, never had to work, but now when she was working. When she cleaned Gregor's room, she did it in a hasty fashion; not wanting to stay in his room very long. She did not have much time to think of his necessities as she once had; by taking out all the excess furniture in his room to give him a more spacious room and walls to work on.

After a while they started leaving his bedroom door open during the evening and supper. His father would come home from work, as a bank messenger, and sleep in his work clothes on the couch. As time passed, his family did not attend to him as they had previously. In a day or two, his sister had changed completely (almost completely) changed: she did not go to him as often as she used to and she did not talk aloud, as soon as she went into his room she opened the window, she did not try to bring him food that she thought would be appealing to him. She changed completely. Gregor's mom was afraid of him, for he was a beetle. His sister wanted to discard of him, as if he were nothing more than an insect. His father looked at him as if he were a dangerous animal getting ready to attack at any moment. Afraid that Gregor would attack them or anyone else, his family packed up their belongings and moved into another flat leaving Gregor to his death.